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THE HOSPITAL WARD.

A War Story.

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"Stranger," the grey-haired father said,
As his face suffused with joy—
"Let me grasp again your honest hand—
You say that you know my boy."

"I do," the stranger man replied,
As a tear on his shirt-front fell;
"I shall never forget that noble youth;
I knew him, alas! so well."

'Twas in the ward of a hospital
This stranger the father found,
Where he'd come to seek his only boy,
Who had met with an ugly wound.

But the son had got along right smart,
And, all danger being o'er,
They had started him on the early tram,
For home, an hour before.

"He was a fearless, gallant boy,"
Said the old man, "and a brave;
His strong right arm sent many a Reb
To his base, dishonored grave.

"He had a class in the Sunday School,
And went out, he said, to fight
For his country and its holy cause—
For Freedom and for Right.

"And the letters that noble youth wrote home
Were filled with his daring deeds."
The old man brushed the sweat from his brow
That had gathered there in beads.

"Oh yes," the stranger man replied,
In a quiet way, as he drew
A book from a pocket in his coat,
And hurriedly looked it through.

"I was a sutler in his *corps*,
And he's slightly in my debt—
I've been looking for him ever so long,
And I'm looking for him yet.

"I find," said he, and his grey eye fell
On folio thirty-three—
That your gallant and heroic son
Had this merchandise of me:—

"Item"—the sutler slowly read—
"'One box of Sardines, in tin,
One pair of boots, an overcoat,
And a bottle of Holland gin.'

"Item," he slowly read, 'more gin,
Earrings—he said for his moll—
A deck of cards, six bottles of beer,
A bracelet and parasol'—

"Item—more gin;" the old man groaned
As one who was seized with cramps—
"Hold! read no more from your book," said he,
And he drew a pile of stamps.

"The total," the sutler calmly said,
"Is fifty, twenty-two,
But if you'll pay this bill of your gallant boy's
I'll call it fifty, to you."

"Take it!" he shriek'd, and the stranger's heart
Within him grew light and glad,
"I remember he wrote," sighed the sad old man,
"That the water was very bad."

J. H. B.

MY WIFE! MY MOTHER!

[See story of "SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS."]

SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS.

A TALE OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER II.

A COUNTRY DOCTOR—A STROLLER'S HOSPITALITY—A HUSBAND'S GRIEF—A SAD STORY—THE SHOWMAN'S CHILD—THE PAINT WASHED OFF.

It was a curious scene in the midst of that country fair—the noise and din outside, the inquisitive faces that peered through the chinks at the varied group inside the now empty tent, lit up by the declining rays of the summer sun.

The company were all crowding round the little girl, and a strange, motley set they were, in costumes of almost every age and country; for itinerant managers are not up to all the unities of the drama, nor are their audiences particular to a spangle or so.

The women arranged a rough couch for the child with a bungling tenderness; they were most of them wives and mothers themselves, and the sight of the pretty face, looking so deathlike in its palor, touched their hearts.

The manager was furious for a minute or two; the untoward accident would deprive him of one house at least, but the presence of "real gentry" in the booth, and the interest they seemed to take in what was going on mollified him considerably, and the member of his company who looked most like an ordinary mortal was despatched for the one doctor of the village.

It was but a caricature on humanity after all, for the messenger wore a scarlet waistcoat and blue breeches, with orange colored stockings, and slippers with rosettes in them. He went as he was, however, and his errand caused a diversion of a good part of the audience of admiring boys, who had congregated round the booth.

In a very short time the gentleman came, prim and dignified, horrified in the extreme at being required at any place so far out of the pale of gentility as a show, and proclaimed to all whom it might concern that his assistant was out or he should not have come.

It was some balm to his wounded feelings, however, to find that it was not one of "those creatnres" he was called upon to succor, but only one of the misguided mortals who had been looking at them, and he unbent a little when he found a gentleman and two ladies actually handling his patient and trying to console the sickly looking father.

"H'm!" he said, "concussion of the brain to be apprehended—may prove fatal; she must be removed to some quieter place than this. Are you her father?"

The man nodded.

"Ha! staying in the village?" He would have liked to read this sinful fellow creature a lecture on the sin of having endangered his child's life by taking her to such a place, but he felt as if it wouldn't do. He was half afraid of the people around him, and he held his tongue.

"Yes, we are strangers," the father replied; "we only came over from Malvern to-day. I intended to go back to-night."

"You cannot go back to-night now," he said. "See what comes of frequenting such places! All the way from Malvern to see a fair! Well, well!"

"What I came from Malvern for, sir, concerns myself alone," said the man half indignantly. "I came on my own business; if you can do anything for my little Maggie, my little motherless lassie," he continued, in a tone of indescribable fondness, "do it and I will pay for it, if not——"

"Don't be angry my good man, don't be angry," replied the doctor. He began to be nervous as the bystanders in their motley costume looked somewhat threateningly at him, and his tone became soft and gentle, as if he would mollify their anger. "Of course I can do something for her. She must be moved from here immediately."

"You'll not get a place in Powick," said a hanger on in the booth. "There isn't a bed to be had for love or money in the village this night. We've been sleeping in the booth a lot of us for want of better accommodation."

The doctor gave the speaker a look which plainly said, "What does it matter where the like of you sleep?" but he did not reply. Thomas Turton whispered something to his cousin Mary. "Oh, yes," she said, "mamma would do the same if she were here."

"I can drive you and the child over to St. John's," he said to Maggie's father. "Our trap can be ready in a minute or two. Wouldn't that be the best thing? You can get plenty of accommodation there. Can the child bear it?" he asked of the doctor.

"It's a risk, a very great risk," he replied, "yet she cannot be here."

"No, that she can't!" said the manager's wife, pressing forward. "We've lost one performance already, and we can't lose another, but I'll tell you what, I'll make her as comfortable a bed in our carriage as ever she slept in, and get her a cup of tea in a twinkling, and if the doctor there's too fine to come in," she added with a smile, seeing the horrified look on that gentleman's face, "why, we'll wait for his young man, that's all! You cheer up!" she continued, giving the father a sounding slap on the back. "She'll come round, never fear! Why, she's opening her pretty eyes this blessed moment!"

She was a coarse, stout woman, brown with exposure to the sun and wind, and dressed in flashy, tawdry finery. Several showy rings glittered on her fingers, and she wore a large, shining brooch. No one would have imagined her to be the same woman who toiled so wearily about the country on foot only some three years before. It was the same, however. The world had used Mr. John Thomas very well indeed, and he had risen from the donkey and cart and wayside performances to be the master of a regular booth, the very summit and height of his ambition.

"Yes," he said, endorsing his wife's speech, "you're welcome, master, anyway for an hour or two, till you see what can be done, the more so that I seem to know your face, though I can't tell where I've seen it. Let me carry the little un; I'm more used to the steps than you."

And so little Maggie was borne tenderly away, the doctor following, somewhat abashed at the rebuke he had received, and laid in the showman's bed with the other little face so strangely like her own peering curiously at her, and her father sitting by her side, thinking wearily of all that had happened since he had looked upon John Thomas's face at his own house at Kinghorn.

Mr. Thomas Turton drove his cousins home, and bade them good night, but he returned to Powick, for his curiosity was strongly excited. The peculiar resemblance between the two children, their likeness to Lady Dornton, and to the dead baby he remembered so well, made a forcible impression on him, and inclined him to see the end of the adventure.

Meantime the little one slowly revived, languid and weary, and only half conscious of what had happened to her, but recognised her father, and there seemed to be no serious injury, as at first was feared. The showman and his wife offered to let her stay till morning, and the doctor so impressed the necessity of quiet that it was so arranged.

"But yourselves," said Mr. Matthews. "Where will you sleep?"

"We shan't have much time for sleeping," he replied; "we're off twenty miles further in the morning, and what we want we can take in the booth; we've slept in worse places than that; haven't we, missus?"

"Ay indeed," replied the woman; "there was a time when we didn't often get a bed like that you gave us. Do you remember that day, master?"

"Yes, very well," said her guest, with a sigh, "I remembered your husband and child the minute I saw them, but I should'nt have known you."

"No, she's got fat this two years, she has," said the man with a grin, "the woman's memory is better than mine you see, for though I knew your face I couldn't for the life of me think where I had seen it afore. In Scotland to be sure! And your missus, I remember her too; she wasn't for letting us in till she saw Maggy there. I hope she's well, sir."

He stopped suddenly, seeing the expression of pain that crossed the features of Maggie's father.

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," he said, hesitatingly. "I didn't know, I——"

"Maggie and I are alone now," he said in a low tone, "we have no one but ourselves; your little lassie has her mother still."

"Yes, thank heaven," replied the man, though with something of hesitation in his manner, "my missus is well and hearty."

Mr. Thomas Turton appeared after dark when the fair was ablaze with light and finery, and made his way to the showman's carriage where he had seen the child deposited.

Its owners were away in the full whirl of their business, and the little dancing girl was pursuing her vocation in front of a noisy crowd, and the tiny apartment was as solitary as if it had been miles away.

Very trim it looked as he entered, for showmen's wives take great pride in making these miniature apartments as clean and neat as possible. Not a spot sullied the purity of the pretty white curtains, and every bit of metal about the place shone till looking glasses might have hidden their diminished heads in comparison.

"A bright colored carpet covered the floor and a pretty lamp hung against the wall.

The little girl lay quietly sleeping in as clean a bed as ever mother's hands arranged for a cherished child; and her father sat by her, his pale, weary face looking paler still in the flickering lamplight. He rose as the young man entered.

"Pardon me if I intrude," he said, "but I was anxious to know how you were getting on. Your daughter interests me very much; she is strangely like that little show child yonder; and, stranger still, they are both the counterparts in features of a lady to whom I was introduced only yesterday."

"Indeed, sir!"

"Yes, Lady Dornton, the Earl of Lorton's daughter-in-law."

The man smiled as he replied, "That's not very wonderful, sir; my wife was counted the very image of Miss Carson, that's her ladyship that is now; she was her maid!"

"Her maid?"

"Yes, sir. They lived in good style in Lawyer Carson's time, and Miss Laura kept her own maid; they were as like as twin sisters, and my Maggie is very like what her mother was."

"You are a widower, then?"

He paused a little in seemingly doubtful hesitation, scanning the visitor the while as if wondering what might be the motive for such a question. At length he replied quietly:—

"No, sir; my wife lives, at least I believe so, but she is dead to me."

"Pardon me," said his visitor. "I had no idea I was touching on such a painful theme. Are you aware that Lady Dornton is at Malvern now?"

"Yes, sir. I have seen her ladyship two or three times out riding. I couldn't make myself known to her, for I'm in this part of the country on a sad errand, sir. I'm seeking her, Maggie's mother."

"Do not speak of it," the young man said. "Believe me, I don't wish to pry into any painful secrets."

"It's no secret, sir. Would to Heaven I could have kept it a secret. It does me good to speak sometimes, and I've been alone so long, so long."

He covered his face with his wasted hands, and Tom could see the tears stealing through his thin fingers.

"If I could help you in any way," he said sympathisingly.

"No one can help me, sir; nothing can give me back my wife; she left me, sir, left me to run off with a fine gentleman who pretended to be a friend to me. He came about our place saying how fond he was of the country, and how he could never meet with a comfortable place in Scotland; and he just turned my poor Maggie's head with his flattering and fine speeches, and she was easily led away. *I* don't blame her so much as the world will, but it's hard to be left."

"Have you no clue to where she is gone?"

"I've had many clues to him, sir, but none to her. I heard he was to be at Malvern a month ago—(he's an officer in the army, sir, and well known)—and I came to Malvern with my little girl. I'm looking out for the time when he'll tire of her and leave her."

"But you wouldn't take her back?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, sir, I don't think I could, it's hard telling what a man might do in such a case, but she's my wife, the mother of my darling, and I wouldn't see her want. I shall wait and see."

"Then you heard nothing at Malvern?"

"Yes, I did, sir; I saw him and he laughed at me, and defied me to prove that he had ever been at my place, and you see it would be difficult, for there was no one with him there, and he's wonderfully changed since then. I was going to follow him to London, but I fell ill, and lay three weeks at a little inn at Malvern Link, and I am hardly fit to travel now."

"Indeed you do not seem so," said his hearer, "and this will retard you still further."

"May be, sir, may be, but I hope not, for Maggie's sake; she is too young to be left in the world alone? I must seek a little longer, and if I do not find her mother I will go back to Scotland, but not home, not home!"

"Let us talk of something else," said the young man feelingly; "this is no fit subject for you. How do you account for the strong resemblance between your child and this man's?"

"I cannot account for it in any way. I noticed it three years ago; he came to my house when he was tramping and asked for a bed, and my wife took them in when she found there was a child with them. Mighty careful they seemed of her too, though they were very hard up themselves. They say she is their child, though one can hardly believe it; she seems something different from them."

"It seems hardly possible that Mr. John Thomas or his wife could ever have been so handsome as that little creature," said Mr. Turton, musingly; 'who from such a stem would look for such a shoot,' as Sheridan Knowles has it?"

"Who indeed?" replied Matthews. "It was mainly curiosity about them that brought me to Powick to-day. I saw his carts passing through the Link, and I thought 'twould please my poor darling."

"What did they call the child? Maddy—or something of that sort, wasn't it?"

"Madeline Lennox," said a little voice behind them; "that's in the bills, but my name's Annie Thomas."

They turned and saw the little one standing in the doorway.

The performances were over for the night, the flaring lamps put out, and the company gone. Her tawdry dress had been replaced by her ordinary shabby attire, and the coarse rouge washed from her face. Very pretty she looked, though pale and tired, but the wonderful likeness was more startling than ever, and Mr. Turton took his leave with all sorts of wild chimeras floating through his brain respecting all sorts of things, possible and impossible.

CHAPTER III.

GOING TO LONDON—THE MARK AGAIN—"NOT AT HOME"—THE MEETING—MOVE ON—HUSBAND AND WIFE—CHAMPAGNE AND DIAMONDS.

Mr. Thomas Turton's description of the two children so interested his uncle and aunt that the next day they took Powick in their morning drive, for the sake of seeing "Tom's pair of prodigies," as Mr. Wycherley called them. Only one remained, however.

Mr. John Thomas and his establishment had moved away in the early morning, after seeing Maggie and her father comfortably housed in the nearest inn.

The child was fast reviving from the effects of the accident, and Mr. Matthews spoke of proceeding with his journey on the following day, returning to Malvern by the coach in the cool of the evening.

"He was going to London," he said; "he had a sister there with whom he could leave Maggie for a time while he prosecuted his sorrowful search, and if it were of no avail, why then he should go back again."

"I am sorry the other child is gone," said Mr. Tom to his aunt; "the likeness to Lady Dornton in her was perfectly startling."

"This one is the very image of the other, and the hair is a little darker I think. What is your name, my dear?" she said, holding out her hand to the little girl, who stood looking shyly at them from behind her father.

"Margaret Matthews, ma'am," she replied, laying her dimpled hand in the lady's palm.

"The other hand, Maggie," said her father.

"Oh, never mind," Mrs. Wycherly said, "they're very nice little hands both of them; Maggie won't stand on ceremony with me."

But Maggie felt herself rebuked and put out her right hand as well. Mrs. Wycherly took them both in her own and kissed the upturned face of the child with true motherly fondness.

"I had little girls once," she said, "but they are almost as tall as their mother now. You saw them yesterday."

"Yes, with that gentleman," replied the child, pointing at the lady's nephew. "Two such pretty ladies. They looked at me, too. I saw them before we went into the show."

Mrs. Wycherly seemed as if she did not hear, but stared at her with such a pecular expression on her face that her husband noticed it.

"What is the matter, Mary?" he asked; "are you ill?"

"No," she replied absently, "not ill; tired, I think."

"Something ails you, I am sure," he said, half alarmed at her manner; "let me get you something."

She let them get her a glass of wine, and attributed the sudden apparent illness which seemed to attack her to fatigue or heat, or what they would, but she followed the little girl about with her eyes as if she could not see enough, and presently drawing her to her side, she scanned her face long and earnestly. When they took their leave, she over and over again enjoined the child not to forget her, and gave her a tiny locket which hung at her watch chain to keep for her sake.

"And if any of us can help you, Mr. Matthews," said her husband, "let us know, and we will do anything we can."

They drove back in silence for about a mile and then Mr. Wycherly said to his wife—

"What ailed you, Mary, just now? Were you really ill?"

"No," she said hesitatingly, "nothing ailed me, I'll tell you when we get home; don't speak of it now."

"You may tell me now," he replied, seeing her glance at the driver; "Tom's ears and eyes are on the reins as well as his hands. He won't hear anything if it's a secret."

"It's no secret that I know of, but it's something very odd. Do you remember what Lady Dornton told us about the mark on her little boy's hand."

"That queer streak like a cut? yes. I remember her saying that it belonged to the Lorton family, and was hereditary among the boys."

"That's what struck me as strange; I remember her distinctly saying none of the girls had ever had it. If it wasn't for that I should fancy——"

"What?"

"That there had been some blunder made somehow, and that her child was alive."

"What makes you imagine such a thing as that?"

"Something I saw at Powick. That little girl has her hand marked in precisely the same manner."

"Nonsense, Mary. It's impossible."

"It is so; right across the back of the hand, exactly like the little heir; and then the extraordinary likeness."

"Mere coincidence, my dear; the thing cannot be. She had such positive truth of the death of both of her children. You know the one died before she left the village at all; the day it was born, in fact, and Tom sent us such undeniable evidence of the loss of the other."

"I know, I know, and it may be fancy and a coincidence, as you say, but I can't help thinking about it," his wife replied. "Children have been claimed on slighter grounds than that before now."

"I do believe the sight of lady Dornton has turned your brain," he said, laughing, and the subject was dropped.

The next day Mr. Matthews and his little daughter were whirling away to London by the train, and Mr. John Thomas was exhibiting Miss Madeline Lennox, the infant dancer, at another fair twenty miles away, where her childish beauty drew plenty of bumpkins to admire, and country connoisseurs to pay to see her performances. She was indeed a mine of wealth to him, and he valued her accordingly. Her lot was tolerably happy considering. Quick and agile, she caught up whatever was shown her, without much labor, and she was kindly treated. Fewer blows and harsh words fell to her lot than to the lot of most little ones in her position, and though she bade fair to grow up in total ignorance of all save her profession, yet her beauty was so striking, and her agility so great, that her master (her father—we beg his pardon,) often said—

"'Twas no use spending money on schooling for Annie, she'd make her way well enough without it."

Mr. Matthews' stay in London was but short. His sister, once a lady's maid, now the mistress of a flourishing public house, very smart in her dress, and somewhat tawdry in her adornments, as public house mistresses are apt to become, but warm hearted and sisterly as ever, received him and his little girl with open arms, and would have given him house room for as long as he would have stayed; but it was of no use he said sadly, one evening after he had been out all day.

"No use, James," she repeated. "You know he is in London at any rate."

"And I know she is too, Ellen," was his answer. "But for all that I shall go back to-morrow."

"Go back to-morrow! And you so weakly, tramping about in that manner! And I'd planned to give myself a holiday (for I'm just working myself to death in this house, I am), and give the dear child a bit of sight-seeing; she may never see London again, if you go back to that outlandish place."

"I've seen enough," he replied bitterly. "I've seen to-day what I shall never forget to my dying day if I were to live for a hundred years. I mean to be on the morning, Ellen, and get rid of the house at Kinghorn, and hide myself where no one knows me. Keep Maggie for me for a time, if you will; but mind, I shall require her at your hands when I come for her; if you have let aught happen to her——"

"Aught happen to her! What should happen to her in my house I should like to know; she shall have the best of everything, and no one shall take her away, if that's what you mean, brother. Well, well!" she continued, as he turned slowly away from her. "It always puzzled me to know what James could see in that yellow-haired, blue-eyed woman he married; they say fair women are always false, and she's proved so with a vengeance! I wonder what's happened to set him up so to-day! I wonder if the child knows! Here, Maggie dear, what did papa see when you were out?"

"I saw my mamma," replied the child innocently, "riding in a carriage she was, and she wouldn't stop for me; and she was *such* a grand lady."

Her aunt started at her words. "Poor James," she muttered, "he might well say he had seen enough. But perhaps the child might be mistaken," and acting on her thought, she said——

"Oh no, Maggie, you couldn't have seen that."

"Oh, but we did though; papa put up his arms and called out, and mamma heard him, and saw us; and her face was very white, and she got up, and there was a gentleman in the carriage and he pulled her down, and said 'Drive on,' and papa was almost knocked down, and one of the men with the blue coats——"

"A policeman, dear?"

"Yes, because the people called 'Pleece, pleece,' and he took hold of him, and told him to 'move on,' and there was such a crowd, and we walked away very fast."

"Never mind any more about it, Maggie, don't speak of it to papa; it was some mistake, I daresay. Poor fellow," she added *sotto voce*. "No wonder he would rather go away after that, the huzzy!"

The child's story was in the main correct; her father, maddened by his wife's desertion, and clinging to the belief, or rather the hope, that in leaving him she had not been acting of her own free will, resolved to try and obtain another interview with the man he believed her seducer. What he intended to do or say when he saw him perhaps he hardly knew himself; a man can hardly think collectedly at such a time, but taking Maggie with him, he set out for Grosvenor Place, where the gentleman's town residence was situated.

"Not at home," was the answer given by a supercilious footman to the anxious inquiry of poor Matthews. "Not at home, I say!" he repeated more sharply, as he still lingered, "are you deaf?"

"But when——"

"Couldn't say, I'm sure," said the man, anticipating the question, and shuttting the door with a bang.

The husband turned away with a dull, heavy pain at his heart, to see, five minutes afterwards, the man he sought emerge from the house and walk rapidly away. He followed, but his feeble steps were powerless to overtake his powerful stride, and he could only get near enough to him to see him enter a carriage in which a lady sat, and drive rapidly away. James Matthews felt who it was, and his heart seemed to stand still as the form of his wife, in gorgeous array, flashed upon him from beneath a tiny parasol of silk and lace. Her fair face, fair still, alas! bore a color too bright to be the tints which country air and happy health used to have upon her delicate cheek, and the blue eyes once so soft and mild in their expression, glittered with a strange, unreal light. Was that his Maggie? the modest girl he had wooed and won in the old Mayfield days?—the simple loving wife whose presence in his home had been such a sunbeam of comfort to him?—the mother of the innocent, guileless little one who ran by his side, and whose childish eyes looked half in terror at the woman she had been told was gone away for ever, and yet whom she recognised in all her gilded sin as alive and well.

Alas! it was indeed Maggie, who, six months ago, had been to all appearance a faithful, dutiful wife. She did not see her husband, who had come so many weary miles to find and rescue from the destruction to which she was hastening his faithless wife; the pale, weary man, on whose loving heart her head had so often rested, whose faithful arms had sheltered her for so many happy years from every earthly ill?.

She was bending her head and smilling an answer to some remarks of the man who sat by her, and did not see the white face of her husband, or the wondering look of her forsaken child. James Matthews ground a curse between his teeth as he looked.

"It will come," he said to himself, "if I wait twenty years for it. She shall not escape me."

He loitered about in a somewhat purposeless manner, when suddenly the carriage turned, something forgotten apparently, for they drove straight back towards the house.

Then a wild impulse seemed to come over him, and rushing forward he shouted to his wife as his little daughter described to her aunt afterwards.

There was a great confusion immediately; a dozen hands seized upon the man who had so audaciously intruded upon a gentleman, and the guilty woman with a face like death passed into the house. Her companion beckoned to the nearest policeman and slipped something into his hand.

"He is mad," he said, "I know him; try and find out where he is staying, but don't heed anything he says; don't hurt him, but see him out of the street."

"All right, sir," replied the man; he comprehended the whole case perfectly; he had heard the passionate exclamation of James Matthews as he called the woman his wife; there was truth in every agonised tone, but what then? The gold piece which lay in his hand was but one of a numerous tribe continually dropping from the same source, for secret services of one sort and another, and it wouldn't do to run the risk of losing such a golden harvest.

So Maggie and her father were escorted out of sight of the house by the policeman and the body-guard of admiring boys, and solemnly warned to "move on" and "not to try that little game again." And the wife and mother sat by her betrayer's side at a table covered with the rarest delicacies, and touched a tall champagne glass to her lips, and smiled and talked as if no poison lurked in the sparkling wine, no canker mingled with the day's enjoyments.

Does she think of the past as she sits there? Does any woman's feeling for the husband she has well nigh crushed with her carriage wheels, or the little one who looked so wistfully at her mother, arise to mar her pleasure.

It may be so, for she sighs and twitches nervously at a splendid bracelet on her wrist, and then with a hoarse laugh fills her glass again and yet again, till her brain is as light as the bubbles that glitter on its surface.

Champagne and diamonds to-day; a year hence land a-num or the river. Is that to be the fate of James Matthews' wife and Maggie's mother?

CHAPTER IV.

LATE HOURS—A SISTER'S ALARM—MET WITH AN ACCIDENT—CUT BY THE TRAIN—THE BORROWED PAPER—ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE—MORE STARTLING INTELLIGENCE—NO. 10 GROSVENOR PLACE.

James Matthews kept his word, and left London very early the next morning. He had gone out in the evening and not returned till a very late hour—so late, indeed, that his sister was seriously alarmed, not having the slightest idea what had become of him.

The customers, the very latest of them, had left the bar; and twelve o'clock came, and shutters were put up and lights extinguished, and still he did not come. She knew very well that in his present state of depression and anxiety he would not seek out any of his old companions, and she waited in increasing terror till one o'clock sounded through the stillness.

"It's no use, John," she said to her husband. "I can't stand it any longer; I must do something."

"What can you do, my dear? There's nothing wonderful in a man staying out in London. If you had lost little Maggie now, I shouldn't wonder at your getting in a fret. Just you go to bed, you're tired out, and I'll wait up for your brother; he's met some old friends, may be."

"No, I can't go to bed; I'm sure something has happened to him; he wouldn't go near any one that knew him for a fortune now. He's killed, or something! know he is."

"Don't be a simpleton," said her husband roughly. "He's safe enough. He isn't a baby. There's nothing to snivel about in that fashion. Perhaps he's gone a hunting after that white faced wife of his. More fool he, say I, for traveling after her. Better have let her alone to have gone on as she'd a mind to; he can never live with her any more."

"No, of course not," his wife replied, "but he wouldn't see her starving, you know."

"Serve her right, if she did. If ever you ran away from me, Nell, I shouldn't hunt you up in that fashion, don't think it."

"I don't think you would, John, but I don't think there's much fear of that."

"No, old girl, I think your heart's in the right place. I wish Jim would come in though, I'm half asleep."

In his heart he rather despised his wife's brother for the solicitude he displayed about his guilty partner, and was glad his visit was coming to a close.

"It made a fellow so miserable to look at him," he said.

His wife opened the door again and looked anxiously out.

"I don't see him coming," she said.

"But I do," said her husband suddenly. "That's him.

And crossing the road slowly towards the door, he came. His sister might be pardoned her non-recognition of him, for few would have known him at the first glance, and by gaslight, for the trimly dressed, respectable looking person who had left her house so short a time before. His coat was torn in several places, his hat was battered out of all shape, and the front of his shirt was splashed with blood, which was dropping from a wound on his head. He walked stiffly, as if he were lame or bruised, and looked round him now and then with a startled air, as if he were fearful or expectant of being followed. His sister shrieked in terror, but her husband with more tact drew him quickly in, and shut and fastened the door.

"Time enough to squeal when we've got him safe in out of sight," he said quietly. "There, Matthews drink that."

It was a little brandy, and perhaps the best thing that he could have done. Matthews was evidently under some strange excitement, for his lips worked and twitched convulsively, and his whole frame shook with inward agitation.

"Don't ask me, don't ask me," he said, as they began to question him about his strange condition. "I have nothing to tell—an accident; I am not much hurt."

That at least was true; the cut, though bleeding a good deal, was only superficial; and in a very short time, by the aid of soap and water, and a change of clothes, he looked himself once more. Not a word could they extract from him, however, as to his night's adventure, and he still adhered to his intention of leaving by the first train in the morning.

"And that's half-past six from Euston Square," his sister said; "and it's three now; it's hardly worth while to go to bed."

"I've put you to a deal of trouble, Ellen," he replied. "The time may come when I shall be able to do you a good turn."

"I hope neither of us will ever need your shelter while looking for the other," said her husband with a smile. "You were welcome here for a twelvemonth if you could have done any good; as it is, you are as well away from London."

"As well! far better. If I could go to the other end of the world 'twould be better for me. You'll look after Maggie for a bit, wo'nt you, Ellen?"

"For all her life, if I'm spared so long, if you like to leave her," said his sister warmly.

"I'll send for her before long if nothing happens," he replied gravely.

"I wonder what he thinks is going to happen," she remarked, as he went away that morning.

"I wonder what happened to him last night?" said her husband."

"I'd give something to find out."

"What'll you give me to tell you?"

"You?"

"Yes, me."

"Did he tell you?"

"No."

"How do you know then?"

"It's plain enough to me; one could guess at it without being a witch. If he had been in any row or accident, he would have told us all about it; besides, if he'd met with an accident some one or other would have seen him home, if only for the sake of a glass of ale; and if he'd got all that in any row, he'd more likely have been in the office than at home. You say I am a fool, John, and perhaps I am, but I can see as well through a stone wall as any one, and I am as sure as anything that last night——"

"Well?"

"There's customers coming in; go and serve them. I'm not fit to be seen."

"It was some time before John heard the remainder of his wife's surmises, and when he did, James Matthews was far away, and it was well he was, for honest John never could keep a secret in all his life.

Euston Square station was in all the bustle attendant upon the departure of the early train for the north when Maggie's father reached it. No traces of his adventure of the night was about him now; he was very pale, and looked worn and harassed, but his manner was grave and quiet, and his dress neat and orderly. There was nothing in his appearance to distinguish him from the busy multitude that thronged the platform, as he took his ticket and passed out among the crowd.

Early as was the hour, it was not too early for newspapers, and there seemed more excitement than usual in that department of railway literature, and the trade seemed to be in a strangely flourishing condition. Excited boys were rushing about making the place ring with noisy recommendations of their wares.

"What is all that?" said an elderly gentleman who had entered the carriage with James Matthews. "Here, boy, a copy of the *Times*."

The old gentleman unfolded the paper he bought while the train moved slowly away. His companion watched him with interest, but without speaking; as his eye ran over column after column in search of what he wanted.

"H'm," he said, "suicide from Waterloo Bridge—that can't be it; there's nothing wonderful in that. The old story, I suppose, 'One more unfortunate!' &c. Ah, I thought so. Pink bonnet, satin dress, rogue. Beg pardon, sir, did you speak?"

"No," replied James Matthews, who had uttered a slight exclamation and whose eyes looked strangely expectant. "You were reading half aloud something about suicide I think."

"Was I, was I? Bad habit; yes, one of those poor wretches off the street. Would you like half the paper?"

"Thank you," his companion replied, taking it, his heart almost standing still, for he imagined he knew not why, that he would have news of his wife to read. No, the paper told nothing. The pink bonnet and the satin dress belonged to one of the sisterhood further down the broad road even than herself; and he laid down the paper with a shuddering sigh as he thought that he should never take up one again without a dread fear oppressing him of what he might have to read therein. The old gentleman opposite him had found what he wanted it seemed, for with many grunts and ejaculations he was reading some all-absorbing paragraph.

Dear, dear me," he said at length, "what a shocking thing! what can the police be about that people are to be murdered in their own houses in broad daylight; no, no, in the middle of the night it was, and nobody knows anything about it."

"Murdered!" said his companion. His lips were very white, and it seemed as if he forced himself to speak the words, "dead did you say?"

"No, not dead, so it can't be murder, of course; but what a dreadful thing! You'd like to read it perhaps."

And a second time he handed him the paper. He went to sleep almost immediately or he might have seen the sheet quiver in the hand that held it, like a leaf shaken by the autumn wind.

"MYSTERIOUS OCCURENCE!

"AN EXCITING MYSTERY IN HIGH LIFE!

"Late last night, or rather early this morning, for it was a little past midnight, the neighborhood of Grosvenor square was thrown into a state of excitement by the report that Major Banks, a distinguished officer in her Majesty's service, residing at No. 10 Grosvenor Place, had been brutally murdered, in his own house, by some person or persons unknown. This, however, proves to be unfounded, for the gallant major, though much cut about his head and face, and otherwise maltreated, is not mortally, even dangerously wounded, and will, we trust, speedily recover from the violent attempt on his life to which he has been subjected. Up to the time of our going to press nothing has been dicovered to throw any light on the mystery; the major himself is not able to converse, and his valet, the person who discovered him, and on whom no shade of suspicion can possibly rest, is equally in the dark. He states that his master returned home about half-past eleven; that he heard him let himself in with a latch key, and fancied that a second person entered with him. Of this, however, he could not be sure, and waited for his master's ring as usual, all the servants being in bed. No summons came, however, and shortly after twelve o'clock he heard the hall door shut too with a clash, and thinking the major might have gone out again, he descended the stairs to make sure. He found the dining room door open, and the room in great confusion, and, to his horror, discovered what he imagined the dead body of his master, stretched upon the rug, weltering in blood. Evidences of a severe struggle were everywhere about, many ornaments of value being broken or otherwise destroyed, and furniture displaced or overset, and splashed and spotted with the blood of the unfortunate gentleman and his cowardly assailant. Nothing has been removed, however, except a large military cloak of Major Banks, which always hung in the hall. The affair is in the hands of the police, who will use every endeavor to secure the perpetrators of this diabolical crime."

"Thank you, sir," Matthews said, returning the paper; his face was very white but his hand was steady now.

"Horrible thing, isn't it?" said the old gentleman, yawning. "Wonder what it was all about?"

"Perhaps it was revenge; that is more powerful than want, more exacting than starvation even."

"Strange man that," was the old man's comment as his companion left the carriage; when "change here for Newcastle" was shouted from the platform. "I'm glad I'm not going any further with him; he looked as if he could murder any one for a very little."

TO BE CONTINUED.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

There are many phrases and quotations which are as "familiar in our mouths as household words," whose origin is either unknown or misconstrued, and without encroaching upon the sphere of the works devoted to this purpose, we may mention a few of them:—

"There is death in the pot," is from the Bible, 2 Kings, ix. 40.

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided," is spoken of Saul and Jonathan, 2 Samuel, i. 23. "A man after his own heart," 1 Samuel, xiii. 14. "The apple of his eye," Deuteronomy, xix. 21. "A still small voice," 1 Kings, xix. 12. "Escaped with the skin of my teeth," Job, xix. 20. "That mine adversary had written a book," Job, xxi. 35. "Spreading himself like a green bay tree," Psalms, xxxvii. 35. "Hanged our harps upon the willows," Psalms, cxxxvii. 2. "Riches make (not *take*, as it is often quoted) themselves wings, "Proverbs, xxiii. 5. "Heap coals of fire upon his head," ibid, xxv. 22. "No new thing under the sun," Ecclesiastes, i. 9. "Of making many books there is no end," ibid, xii. 12. "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," (made famous by Patrick Henry.) Jeremiah, viii. 11. "My name is legion," Mark, v. 9. "To kick against the pricks," Acts, ix 5. "Make a virtue of necessity" Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona. "All that glitters is not gold," usually quoted, "All is not gold that glitters," Merchant of Venice. "Screw your courage to the sticking *place*," (not *point*,) Macbeth. "Make assurance doubly sure," ibid. "Hang out our banners on the outward (not outer) walls," ibid. "Keep that word of promise to our ear, (not *the*) and break it to our hope," ibid. "It is an ill wind that turns none to good," usually quoted, "It is an ill wind that blows no one any good," Thomas Tasser, 1580. "Christmas comes but once a year," ibid. "Look ere thou leap," ibid, and quoted, "Look before you ere you leap," Hudibras, commonly quoted, "Look before you leap." "Out of mind as soon as out of sight," usually quoted, "Out of sight, out of mind," ibid. "What though the field be lost, all is not lost," Milton. "Awake, arise, or be forever fallen," ibid. "Necessity, the tyrant's plea," ibid. "That old man eloquent," ibid. "Peace hath her victories," ibid. "Though this may be play to you 'tis death to us," Roger L'Estrange, 1704. "All cry and no wool," (not little wool,) Hudibras. "Count their chickens ere (not before) they're hatched, ibid. "Through thick and thin," Dryden. "When Greek joined Greeks, then was the tug of war," usually quoted, "When Greek meet Greek, then comes the tug of war," Nathaniel Lee, 1692. "Of two evils, I have chose the least," Prior. "Richard is himself again," Colley Cibber. "Classic ground," Addison. "As clear as a whistle," Byron, 1763. "A good hater," Jonnsoniana. "A fellow feeling makes one (not us) wondrous kind," Garrick. "My name is Norval," John Huma, 1808. "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs," Goldsmith. "Not much the worse for wear," (not none the worse,) Cowper. "What will Mrs. Grundy say," Thomas Morton. "No pent up Utica contracts your powers," Jonathan M. Sewell. "Hath given hostages to fortune," Bacon. "His (God's) image cut in ebony," Thomas Fuller. "Wise and masterly inactivity," Mackintosh, in 1791, though generally attributed to Randolph. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens," (not *countrymen*,) resolutions presented to House of Representatives, December, 1799, prepared by Gen. Henry Lee. "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute," Charles C. Pinckney "The Almighty Dollar," Washington Irving. "As good as a play," King Charles, when in Parliament, attending the discussion of Lord Ross' divorce bill. "Selling a bargain" is in Love's Labor Lost. "Fast and loose," ibid. "Pumping a man," Otway's Venice Preserved. "Go snacks," Pope's prologue to Satires. "In the wrong box," Fox's Martyrs. "To lanch in the sense of to heal," King and no King, by Beaumont and Fletcher. The hackneyed newspaper Latin quotation, "*Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamus en illis*," is not found in any classic or Latin author. The nearest approah to it was "*Omnia mutantur*," &c., and this is found in Berbonius, a German writer of the middle ages.

"Smelling of the lamp" is to be found in Plutarch, and is there attributed to Pytheas. "A little bird told me," comes from Ecclesiastes, x. 20, "for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

"He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

These lines, usually ascribed to Hudibras, are really much older. They are to be found in a book published in 1656. The same idea is, however, expressed in a couplet published in 1542, while one of the few fragments of Menander, the Greek writer, that have been preserved, embodies the same idea in a single line. The couplet in Hudibras is:—

"For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

"There's a good time coming," is an expression used by Sir Walter Scott in Rob Roy, and has undoubtedly, for a long time, been a familiar saying in Scotland.

Erisputi coelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis, was a line upon Franklin, written by Turgot, the Minister of Louis XVI. It was, however, merely a modification of a line by Cardinal Polignac, *Eripuitque Jovi fulmen Phæboque sagittas*, which in turn was taken from a line of Marcus Manilius, who says of Epicurus, *Eripuitque Jovi fulmen viresque Tonanti*.

Vox populi, Vox Dei. The origin of this familiar phrase is not known, but it is quoted as a proverb by William of Malmesbury, who lived in the early part of the twelfth century.

Ultima ratio regum. This motto was engraved on the French cannon by order of Louis XIV.

"Whistling girls and crowing hens
Always come to some bad end."

In one of the curious Chinese books recently translated and published in Paris this proverb occurs in substantially the same words. It is also an injunction of the Chinese priesthood, and a carefully observed household custom, to kill immediately every hen that crows, as a preventive against the misfortune which the circumstance is supposed to indicate. The same practice prevails throughout many portions of the United States.

OUR BOY JOHNNIE.

His First Letter to the Clipper.

CINCINNATI, April 14th, 1868.

MR. CLIPPER.—I like your paper ever so much, and Uncle Isaac says I ought to write to you, because I'm a first rate letter writer, and so I will. My best pants are tore the worst kind of way playing base ball; I belong to the Cincinnati Club; I'm a junior. I wish I had a tail coat, and then tearing wouldn't make no difference; but I know I must be careful of my clothes.

Cousin Ike has got a new tail coat, kind of browny color, with pockets behind, and walks with the Caster girls on Fourth street, Saturdays. I wish I was in the large Geography book, so I could study where you are on the map, but I know it is far. A good many of the boys are going to have tail coats, and then we are going to promenade with the girls with coat talls. Coat talls is nice when you are skating, for if a fellow falls down the coat talls don't make it any difference, except hurting him.

We boys all talk about your paper, and like to read it. Mr. Wilson comes to see us almost every evening, and Cousin Maggie says I can't learn my lessons down in the parlor. He is such a funny fellow, and has been to Paris, and London, and Ruin, and talks French. He gave me a flute, and Cousin Maggie says I ought to go up stairs evenings and practice.

We all went to the sin-funny concert last week, but I didn't want to go. They don't give anything but the hardest kind of coral music, as they call it, and they played over such long tunes, with all their hands and all their feet, and they did so wriggle about. It was a kind of rail-roady music, like the sleeping car noise when I went East last summer. Uncle Isaac laughed, and said it was vermifuge.

Mr. Wilson met me and Cousin Maggie on Fourth street last Saturday, and walked with us, and I had my old roundabout on, but he didn't attract his attention to it, because I got on the other side of Maggie, and she sent me over to Kepler's to get some lozenges for her—peppermint ones. When I came out they were gone, and so I ate up the lozenges, and then I started down to play base ball, and tore my best pants, and had to wait till it was dark before I could go home.

It would have been more different, wouldn't it, if I had had a tail coat? Yours respectfully, JOHNNIE.

P. S.—Aleck Macomber says roundabouts are dangerous for such a cold, backward season as this.

Have you read in Mr. Mayne Reid's book about Peccaries? It makes me think about you away off in New York, and savage animals. If I was you I would beware of Peccaries; they are a kind of dangerous pig.

There is a man by the name of Moses on Main street, that has tail coats, with sixteen dollars pinned on the tail, hanging outside the door—nice ones. A lot of us boys saw them. Tommy Townsend spoke to the gentleman, and he told us they were some he had left, or else he couldn't afford to sell them so cheap.

I told Cousin Maggie about my eating the lozenges, and she didn't care. She forgot all about them. She got red, but she wasn't mad. Mr. Wilson isn't so politicky talking as Uncle Isaac is. JOHNNIE.

The new kind of tail coats for boys don't have side pockets, which I am opposed to, for catching in things and tearing, which is much better. JOHNNIE.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—Anything calculated to cure the victim of a mad dog's bite should be proclaimed all over the land, for it is a most terrible precursor of death, and we hope all the newspapers in the country will repeat the following item:—"Youatt, the well known veterinary surgeon, who has been bitten eight or ten times by rabid animals, says that crystal of the nitrate of silver rubbed into the wound will positively prevent hydrophobia in the bitten person or animal."

A CANINE CANON.—Dogs taken to the Pound will hereafter be paid for only at the rate of 25 cents each, and dog capturers must not be under the age of 18 years.

AN ANCIENT LOVER.—Comte de Flahault, at one time notorious as the lover of Hortense Beauharnais, and the reputed father of the Emperor Napoleon's late half-brother, Duc de Morney, is still living in France at a very advanced age.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3,865 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

R. L., Philadelphia, Pa.—Capt. Barclay, the great Scottish pedestrian, in December, 1799, performed the distance from London to Birmingham, by Cambridge, a distance of 150 miles, in two days. In June, 1801 he walked from Ury to Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, a distance of 360 miles, in five successive days. His match for 5,000 guineas, to perform 90 miles in 21 hours, excited great attention. In a preliminary trial he accomplished 110 miles at a rate equal to 135 miles in 24 hours, and he gained the match on Nov. 10, 1801, by an hour and eight minutes, without being excessively fatigued. He commenced his task of walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours at Newmarket Eng., on June 1, at midnight, and finished it 42 days after, on July 12, about three o'clock in the afternoon. He suffered intense pain, but his legs never swelled, his appetite remained good, and after 17 hours sleep he was in perfect health and strength. Only one pedestrian has surpassed Capt. B's. performance, but report says it will nigh cost him his life. This was Richard Marks, who performed 1,000 miles in as many hours at Sheffield in 1850, commencing each mile at the commencement of each hour, whereas the Captain's wager was to walk each mile within each hour, and permitted him to walk two miles consecutively, and to sleep about an hour and a half at a time.

J. J. S., Boston, MASS.—"I bet that a man attempting the feat of walking one thousand miles in one thousand consecutive hours, can walk as follows, if he chooses:—Say he is to start on his first mile at 12 o'clock, and don't start until a quarter of one; he gets through with his first mile at a minute or two before one o'clock, finishing the 12 o'clock mile. He then starts on his second mile at one o'clock, and finishes at a quarter past one Now I bet that he need not start again until a quarter of three o'clock, on his third mile, finishing at three o'clock, or a few minutes before."..... You are right.

PENDING, Reading.—1. He is a stock star; that is, he plays leading business in a stock company, and occasionally plays star engagements elsewhere. 2. The Stadt, in the Bowery, th's city, is the largest. 3. The fastest time made in walking one hundred miles is nineteen hours. 4. Eighty miles within the hour has been done in Europe by a locomotive, and we believe it has been accomplished in this country. 5. The fastest railroad time on record is 18 miles in 15 minutes, we believe.

AMATEUR, Albany, N. Y.—1. John Goulding is the author of such a work. You can obtain it by addressing Peck & Co., 105 Nassau street, this city. 2. The time given out was 13 minutes and 9⅞ seconds, but its correctness has been questioned. 3. They have signified their intention to take part in the tournament this month, but it isn't probable they will be there at the time you mention.

JUSTICE.—1. The part in question can call the animal any name they think proper, and you have no legal remedy. When a name has been regularly and officially claimed, it is only regarded as a violation of turf courtesy to appropriate it. 2. The mare was beaten by over fifty yards in the hurdle race at Jerome Park, May 24th, 1867; Blackbird winning, Birague second, and Black Bess third and last.

GEORGE MONGER, Erie, Pa.—1. Morrissey and Heenan fought at Long Point Island, Canada, Oct. 20, 1858. 2. After the Price and Kelly battle, Heenan, hearing that the authorities were on the look out for him, took passage for England, and thus eluded arrest. Upon his return, after his battle with Sayers, he proceeded to Buffalo, paid the fine imposed, and thus settled matters.

CHAMPAGNE CHARLEY, Cleveland, O.—1. Standing, 12 feet 8¼ inches, by Bob Way. 2. Running, 20 feet 8 inches, by John Howard. 3. Way was born in 1834, stands 5 feet 8 inches, and weighs 150lbs. He is said to have covered 118 feet in ten consecutive jumps, after his championship match with Bortlie, the last jump measuring 16 feet.

COTTAGE, Baltimore.—"1. At All Fours the cards are dealt out and a Jack is turned up; does it count? 2. A, B and C are playing; A, the dealer, has two points to go, B one, and C two. Can A give B out, and C one to go?"..... 1. Yes. 2. Yes, if the next one to the dealer begs.

ANTHONY ROADES, Birmingham, Pa.—1. Seward ran 100 yards in 9¾ seconds, which is the fastest time on record. 2. Don't know how much, at present. He is married. His best time for three miles was twenty-three minutes, made at the regatta on Lake Quinsigamond last year.

CONSTANT READER, Geneva, N. Y.—1. Charles Freeman, the American Giant, did not fight anybody after he defeated the Tipton Slasher, Dec. 20, 1842. 2. He died at Winchester Hospital, Eng., Oct. 22, 1845, of consumption, aged 28 years, and weighing but 140 lbs.

EDWARDS, BATES AND VINSON, San Francisco.—You may have percieved, ere this reaches you, that the ground covered by your communication has already been gone over by a correspondent whose letter appeared in the CLIPPER a few week ago, and which renders the publication of yours unnecessary.

L. C., Boston.—An admission ticket entitles you to a seat if you can find one unoccupied. The management do not agree to furnish patrons who purchase tickets a seat. If you buy a secured or reserved seat ticket, then they do.

W. D. I., Boston.—1. She was his first and only wife. 2. We cannot state what amount Weston actually received for his walk to Chicago, excepting what he derived from the sale of *cartes de visite*.

E. B. D., Detroit.—Wash. Norton has not appeared in Cleveland within the past nine years. During his last visit here he only appeared at 472 Broadway, this city, in Brooklyn, and with Carncross & Dixey in Philadelphia.

B. G. D., Biddeford.—He had a perfect right to change his boots, and to take any stimulant he chose. Neither of these things is "receiving aid" in the sense meant by the articles of agreement.

H. J. R., Boston.—The initials S. P. Q. R. which you see on banners in Shakespeare's plays, translated, mean the Senate and People of Rome, but in the actor's parlance salaries paid quite regular.

CLUB B.—1. She sailed for California during the past week. 2. Borgenhein Bull. 3. He is traveling West with a dramatic company. 4. Who do you mean by the Seven Sisters? There is a play by that name. 5. They do not live together.

TONIX.—1. Joe is a naturalized citizen of the United States. 2. She receives a per centage of receipts after expenses, the terms varying in different cities.

CLIPPER READER, St. John, N. B.—The value of such things is so superficial that it is impossible to answer you. Advertise for one and you will soon have the offer made, no doubt.

CONSTANT READER, Washington.—1. She is living in this city, retired from the profession. 2. The Unions, of Morrisannia, N. Y., hold the base ball championship.

LA BELLE, Oconomsirock, Wis.—1. Will forward you a copy. 2. You will find the addresses of James McKay and Stephen Roberts in our advertising department

CONDUCTOR, Aspinwall.—The company lately performing in your city were the original Georgia Minstrels and the same that played on Broadway in this city.

HAYMAKER, Lansingburg, N. Y.—By the new rules the pitcher can take a step forward, but must keep within the lines of his position.

D. F. D., Boston.—The Boston Theatre *does not* seat near three thousand persons. The Old Bowery seats 2,346, and the Stadt 3,385 persons.

S. M., Middleport, Pa.—1. Joe Wormald defeated George Ilee and Andrew Marsden and fought a draw with Wolfe. 2. Marsden and Ilee were never opponents in the ring.

SPORT, Schenectady, N. Y.—There is no preparation used outwardly for the purpose of producing muscle. The other is a trainer's secret.

WANTS TO KNOW.—Any body knowing the whereabouts of Dan Fogarty, who fought Ned Seward, will please send his address to this office.

TOM CAT, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Your questions elicit answers that are mere matters of opinion, and we can only refer you to our advertising columns.

JACK O'BRIEN.—1. Noble is an American by birth. 2. Aaron was born in London, Eng., and is of the Jewish persuasion. 3. Sheppard was born in Ireland.

J. S. H., Baltimore.—1. If the misdeal was discovered after the trump was turned up, there must be a new deal, and you lose the deal. 2. You can go out on the euchre.

BALTIC, Baltimore.—1. We have not heard such a report, although they have separated. 2. Albert Casseday is Lucille Western's agent. 3. At present she is in Cincinnati.

M. F., Monmouth, Ill.—John Howard, the pedestrian, cleared 29 feet 8 inches in one jump, in England. 2. The best standing jump on record is 12 feet 8¼ inches, by Bob Way.

J. M. M., Covington, Ky.—Aaron Jones' longest battle was when he fought a draw with Tom Sayers, the time occupied being three hours.

ROSE, Johnstown, N. Y.—Captain Charles Stewart was the senior officer in the U. S. Navy at the commencement of the late rebellion. He is now Rear Admiral on the retired list.

HARRIS & BROADWAY, Chicago, Ill.—Remit $1.80 for the two insertions. Cut too wide for CLIPPER column now.

EUROPEAN CIRCUS.—1. Sayers weighted 10st. 12lbs., or 152lbs. 2. No. King was knocked out of time.

D. W. S., McConnellsburgh.—Keep both eyes on our Circus Summary and you will see their movements.

C. A. W., New Orleans.—Write to J. E. Jackson, *Ledger* Job Office, Philadelphia.

T. J. T.—1. Dan Bryant made his *debut* in white face for Wm. Floyd's benefit. 2. He remains with Kelly and Leon.

F. E. D., Cleveland, O.—One dollar each insertion; $3 for three more.

J. W. T., Memphis.—We know of no one at present in this city that you could engage.

C. C., St. Louis.—It was Charlotte Thompson's grandmother that recently died.

D. W. S., Portland.—It would not pay to start such a show at present. Write to Frank Rivers, 13 West Houston street.

W. J. M., International.—Many thanks for the items. Shall be pleased to her from you every week.

M. C. M.—1. Lew Brimmer is considered by many professionals to be the best. 2. May 27th is the day fixed.

S. M. S., La Fayette, Ind.—Twenty pound weights were used in the match between Way and Bortie for the championship.

G. W. W., Baltimore, Md.—Flora Temple's best time was 2:19¼, made at the Kalamazoo Course, Mich.

V. C. M., Baltimore, Md.—Ninety thousand dollars was the amount stated to have been at issue.

W. H. M.—The Scotia made the passage from New York to Liverpool under 8 days and 21 hours, including all detentions.

COBURN'S ADMIRER, Baltimore, Md.—There is no work now in print containing the account of the fights you mention.

W. P. C., St. Louis.—The bridge is located at Broadway and Fulton street, with steps leading thereto at the four corners.

BALTY, Philadelphia.—The volunteer department was abolished when the paid system was introduced.

DAN FOGARTY.—Any one knowing his whereabouts will please forward his address to this office.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Carthage, Mo.—Both Heenan and Sayers stood with their left feet and hands extended.

N. F. C., Philadelphia.—Write to Madam Ristori; that is the only way we know you could procure it.

E. E. J., Chicago, Ill.—1. Will answer in our next issue. ROBIN, Baltimore.—Susie is at the American Theatre, Philadelphia.

JERSEY.—They were born in Cincinnati. They have never appeared at the Olympic, or in the play of "Arrah Na Pogue."

J. A. B.—He is traveling, but we cannot give you his address. A letter sent to this office would reach him.

C. H., Washington.—The dealer must pay you double for the natural.

J. K., Providence, R. I.—Ralster's first fight was with Sam Collyer. They fought 49 rounds in 55 minutes, May 8, 1866.

2. Items of interest are, at all times, acceptable.

LAFAYETTE.—We cannot decide such bets.

H. S. K.—To what line of business do you refer?

J. R. G.—S. S. Purdy is the original "Nicodemus Johnson."

SCOTTY.—See answer to "Amateur."

G. W. L., Galt, Ontario.—See answer to "Amateur."

MOLLIE, Louisville.—Thank you—items will be acceptable.

A LOVING COUNTRY is respectfully declined.

SENIX, Burlington, Iowa.—Items of interest acceptable.

JAMES H. BIGLIN.—We have a letter for you.

CENTRAL CITY, Syracuse.—Your letters reach us in due time.

G. R. M., New Haven.—Brooklyn, 270,000; London, 2,900,000

SEE HERE.—Why is a man dodging behind a billiard player like a barkeeper? Because he's behind the counter.

THE COMING GLADIATORIAL DISPLAY.

In a brief space of time the contest between McCoole and Coburn will be settled. As these pugilistic heroes have determined to try each other's prowess in the fistic arena, their respective friends will look for a manly display, in which the merits of the men shall be permitted to decide the question, instead of outside influences in the shape of wrangles, rough and rowdy demonstrations, etc. This championship affair should be made a model mill, by which the best man shall win. Let no advantage be taken on either side—give to the men a fair and unobstructed field—keep the rough element at a distance—appoint good and reliable men as ring keepers, whose duty it shall be to preserve the ring intact, and to put down all attempts to interfere with the combatants. We do not believe that either Coburn or McCoole have any desire to win except by an honest course of conduct; a man can gain no credit who succeeds more by the aid of outside influences than by his own abilities in the ring. If men will fight—and fighting with nature's weapons is far more manly than with the sword, the pistol, etc.,—then let them do so in a spirit of fairness as laid down by the rules of the Prize Ring. Rowdy demonstrations have brought the British ring to its present low ebb, where once its patrons included even royalty itself; and if the "manly art" is to continue in favor in this country, the ring must be divested of all disorderly and riotous features. If the coming championship match is carried through quietly, and the event decided fairly on its merits, the profession will be gainers by it everywhere; if, on the other hand, turbulent characters are suffered to govern, and render the rules a nullity, then will follow a wind up to the ring and to boxing exhibitions in America. Let those interested govern themselves accordingly. Although the agreement specifies that the contest shall take place within fifty miles of Cincinnati, the recent act for the suppression of prize fighting in Ohio will prevent its coming off in that State; nevertheless, in all probability, it will eventuate within the limits prescribed. There will be a pretty large attendance from all parts of the country—many persons who have never before witnessed an exhibition of the kind desiring to see how these boxing entertainments are conducted. Let the "lambs" be on their best behavior.

It has been reported that the winner of the coming match will give O'Baldwin the opportunity he seems to covet. We cannot corroborate this report. The Irish Giant has been in this country several months. He has thrown out repeated challenges to meet the best man in America for $5,000 a side. Up to this time his offers have remained unanswered, and the O'Baldwin promises to have an easy "walk over" the course. In the olden time no such "disrespect" would have been shown to a stranger. Had the Irish Giant been a candidate for pugilistic honors when Yankee Sullivan "trod the turf," the latter would not have permitted the O'Baldwin to stand unconfronted, be the disparity in size what it would. A report has been current for some time that if O'Baldwin would make the stake $10,000 a side instead of $5,000, a candidate for the prize would be forthcoming. We don't know; the report *may* be correct. Time will tell.

WEATHER ARTICLE.

If the axiom that "demand produces supply" governs celestial bodies as it does terrestial, what a lively cry there must be for rain somewhere. Although the sun is shining brightly as we write this article, it does not follow that it will neither snow or rain before we get to the end. No man can safely venture to judge of the weather now-a-days—even that weather-wise prophet, brother Thatcher, gets caught where his hair's short in attempting predictions concerning the weather. It is time for the feathered warblers to enliven the woods and the plains with their dulcet strains, yet they are not there. We pine for green peas, tomatoes, asparagus and *frogs* outside of cans, yet they have scarcely commenced to lift their heads above terra firma. Even our young sports are beginning to weary, and long for the summer solstice. How long must it be ere Tom O'Crusher may be permitted to enjoy the ecstacy arising from the battering of Bill McSmashem's head under the bright rays of a summer's sun? Has Phœbus determined to rob him of that which is as dear to him as his venerable ma, his spar? And how long must it be before the admirers of our National Game are to be permitted to have full swing at their favorite pastime? It is almost past time for it now. No sooner do the boys get upon the field, than down comes the rain, and the ground at once resolves itself into a left field, while the players make clean home runs in the quickest time on record. Circuses are cursers at the moisture which interferes with their Olympian games; and the performers, one and all, limp in lazily, and dejectedly go through the business set down for them. Their Olympian games from the wetness of their tents, must be of the order of canvas back ducks; 'tis enough to make them quail and chicken-hearted; but ere long they will sing a *Te Deum* that the tedium of dispiriting weather is o'er. Let others sing of bright May days, and flowers springing fair—we've searched the fields and gardens through, but cannot find them there; instead of flowers, naught but mud breaks on the searching eye, with little porkers squealing round, "Oh, root, big hog, or die." We've lost faith in thermometers, unless turned upside down, and as for all barometers, well, this much, "they be blown." One day last week the sun came out, and we put on a duster—at night we reached home on a chip, froze stiff as upper cruster. Next day we on the ball field went, and got a nice position; the rain came down and soaked us through—imagine our condition. We're tired of this here, we are—neither one thing nor another—if the weather'd only settle once we'd have none of this bother. But patience, good friends, "Rome was not built in a day"—but what *that* has to do with it we cannot say—you'll all be sweltering before long, when the rich and poor alike will earn their bread by the perspiration of their forehead.

AUTHOR AND ACTOR.—A little controversy has been going on in Philadelphia between Col. Fitzgerald, author of "Tangled Threads," and Mr. A. Everly, an actor attached to the Arch Street Theatre, respecting certain passages in the aforesaid play. The author, it appears, in writing the play, made Dargle (Mr. Everly's character) use expressions in the text which the actor refused to stick to on the stage; in fact, the actor cut out some of the author's lines, and substituted his own. The author complained to the management, but it does not appear that the complaint was heeded, in so far as the actor's alleged offensive interpolations were continued, much to the grief of Col. Fitzgerald. It seems to us that if the management of the theatre purchased the play outright, they might make such alterations as they considered necessary; but if the author had not so disposed of his property, neither actor or manager had any right to change the lines, and thus give a different meaning to the original text. An actor is paid to speak the lines assigned him—if they are objectionable to an audience, the author is censured, not the actor. A compositor in a printing office might just as well change the words and meaning of an editor's articles as for an actor to alter an author's text contrary to his wishes. If passages in a play are calculated to give offence to an audience, or a portion of an audience, the manager should require the writer to expunge them, or refuse to have anything to do with the play. In the case referred to, we incline to the opinion that Mr. Everly has transcended his duties.

BETTING ON IMPEACHMENT.—Since our last, betting on the Impeachment question has been very lively. In fact, this important event and the coming pugilistic meeting between Coburn and McCoole engross public attention, and Wall street and Fifth avenue are about equally divided in reference to the result of the two events. By the time this paper is in the hands of many of its readers the fate of the President will, in all probability, have been settled—the McCool and Coburn affair will then be the all-absorbing topic of speculation.

THE GAMBLING ROOMS in Cheyenne, Dakotah, are driving a lively trade, being crowded night and day. Heatley & Chase have imported an immense canvass tent, 100x30 feet, which was recently opened to the gay gambuliers and the public, on which occasion no less than eighteen faro tables were in full blast. The "Greenback" room and the "Gold" room usually have each from ten to twenty faro and roulette tables running, and each room is well supplied with music. Cheyenne must be a fast city.

THE END.—The trial of the President is ended. The patience of newspaper readers has been more sorely tried than that of the real party on trial, and we congratulate the public that full details of horrid murders, seductions, and other lively reading will now take the place so long occupied by heavy speeches and cross questionings, and give to our daily press its accustomed attractive and spicy features.

NICK'—It is with much pleasure that we record the fact that some newspapers are making millionaires of their proprietors in double quick time. The list of incomes for 1867 informs us that Mr. Robert Bonner, of the *New York Ledger*, returns $238,411 for the year, while J. G. Bennett, of the *Herald*, reads his title clear to $167,000!

THE LATE Russian restrictions on individual liberty in Poland gives a new significance to Pope's line—

"Wide as the Poles asunder."

"OUR JIM" says it would be sheer Heenan-ity for O'Baldwin the Irish Giant to fight the Benicia Boy.

ABOUT BASE BALL.—Is a man who catches a cold instead of a "hot run" to be considered as a bad player?

THE BEST ALE for recreative purposes is Hop-Scotch.

THE CHAMPION JUMPER.—Bob Way, who by his famous standing jump of 12 feet 5½ inches in a match with Norman P. Bortle became champion of the States, since which time he cleared 12 feet 8¼ inches, the greatest distance ever accomplished—arrived in the city last week for the purpose of negotiating a match with Lomas, a tall jumper of Utica, who aspires to the championship wreath, but up to present writing nothing definite has come of it.

HOW TO TELL A HORSE'S AGE.—After the horse is nine years old it is said that a wrinkle comes on the eyelid at the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year thereafter he has one well defined wrinkle for each year over nine. If, for instance, a horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve; if four, he is thirteen, &c.

— The Clipper Society gave a ball at Yonkers, N. Y., on the 5th inst., at Redfel Hall, which was much enjoyed. The NEW YORK CLIPPER is going to give a base ball of gold, which will not be considered an arduous task to receive, we opine.

THE TURF.

AMERICAN TURF.

Trotting on the Fashion and Union Courses, L. I.—The Memphis and Nashville Meetings—Sale of Kentucky Horses in Training at Jerome Park—Entries for the Stakes at the Hoboken Meeting.

During the past week, one of the most interesting and best contested trots that was ever witnessed on Long Island, came off on the Fashion Course. It was for a purse of $400, given by the proprietor for horses that had never trotted better than 2:32; mile heats, three in five in harness, and came off on Tuesday, the 5th inst. There were eight horses entered for the purse, and six out of this number came to the post, viz., J. Dugrey s b g, Fred Pence; W. Borst's b g, John J. Bradley; J. McKee's b m, Breeze; Mr. Champlin's b m, Amber; B. Doble's g g, Bolly Lewis, and J. Chamber's b m, Atlanta; the two absentees being Ed. Ellis (who, being trained in the same stable as Bradley, was prohibited from starting), and Ella Sherwood. Six heats were trotted without a result, when darkness caused a postponement until the ensuing day; Bradley and Fred Pence having each won two heats, and made a dead heat, and Breeze having won one heat. Two of the horses—Atlanta and Bolly Lewis were distanced in the first heat, and Amber, after the fifth, was ruled out for not winning a heat. Five heats out of the six were trotted under 2:33; a most remarkable performance, when the slow, dead nature of the track is taken into consideration, and the comparatively short time for training preparation that the horses have had this season. Had the track been quick and light and the day bright and warm, good judges declared that the horses could have trotted five or six seconds faster than they did. On the following day, in trotting off the race, Fred Pence and John J. Bradley trotted a dead heat, but the next one decided the race in Bradley's favor, to the intense delight of his backers. The winner is a handsome bright bay, with four white feet and face, over fifteen and a half hands high, and of the Rodhaw strain of blood; being sired by Blucher, a son of Long Island Black Hawk; he is trained by Wilham Borst. Fred Pence is a light bay horse, about 15½ hands high, and only six years old; he is nearly thoroughbred, being by a son of Tornado by American Eclipse, and his dam a grand-daughter of Henry, the famous opponent of Eclipse in the memorable racing contest of North against South in 1823. He is owned by a gentleman of Poughkeepsie, whose name he bears, and is one of the most promising trotters now on the turf; James Dugrey trained him. Bolly Lewis is a well shaped dapple gray horse by Pilot, Jr., out of a well bred mare, and his being distanced in the first heat is to be attributed to the wretched start he got, as he was fully fifty yards behind the leading horses when the word was given; he is trained by Budd Doble. Amber is a handsome bay mare by Hambletonian, dam Unknown, and is owned by Mr. George Burnett, the well-known horse dealer in Twenty-fourth street. Breeze is a small, wiry looking bright mare, by Boston Boy out of Ad. Carpenter's Messenger mare, and is owned and trained at Paterson, N. J., by McKee, a clever, able young driver. Her party knowing her speed and quality, thought they had a sure thing on this race, and backed her spiritedly, but they ultimately found that fast as their little mare was, there were two horses in the race that laid over her in speed, and defeated their cunning calculations. Atlanta is a bay mare by Ethan Allen, pedigree on dam unknown, and belongs to Mr. Chambers, the proprietor of the course. He took her over to England and Paris along with Bellow Jack, and tried hard to get on a match for her there, but was unsuccessful. In this race she was quite out of condition, being rank from want of work, so that it is impossible to judge any thing of her qualities from her performances in this contest. The betting in pools was very brisk before the race, and some eight or ten thousand dollars was invested in this way; Bradley and Breeze being the favorites against the field before the start

FIRST HEAT.—Atlanta won the pole, Amber next, Bolly Lewis third, Fred Pence fourth and Bradley on the outside. Nearly an hour was wasted in getting them up in line, so as to have a fair send-off; and at last the judges, whose patience was quite exhausted, gave the word to a wretched send-off; Bolly Lewis and Bradley fully twenty lengths behind the leading horses, which were Atlanta, Amber and Fred Pence, with two lengths separating each of them. At the quarter pole Atlanta was leading two lengths, Amber second as far ahead of Breeze, who was the same in front of Fred Pence, and Bolly Lewis next, five lengths behind Bradley. On the back stretch were the four leaders, and on passing the half mile pole, in 1:16, Breeze was leading three lengths, Fred Pence second twice as far before Amber, and Bradley next the latter; Bolly Lewis far in the rear. On the Flushing stretch Atlanta and Bolly both broke so badly that it became pretty certain they would be shut out. Breeze broke on the turn into the home stretch, when Fred Pence closed on her, and a splendid struggle all the way home was witnessed, Breeze winning by a head after a half a length. Amber was third, eight lengths behind Pence; Bradley a bad fourth, and Atlanta and Bolly Lewis distanced. Time, 2:32½.

SECOND HEAT.—In the pool sales Fred Pence became the favorite although Breeze had won the heat, and he sold for nearly as much as the rest put together. Breeze got away first, with Pence, Bradley and Amber close

BASE BALL.

FIRST GAME OF THE SEASON.
Atlantic vs. Mohawk.

The Atlantics played their first game on Monday, May 11th, their opponents being the Mohawk Club of Brooklyn. As it was the first game of the season, it attracted quite a crowd. The Atlantic's appeared in their new uniform, and were all present except Pratt. The game was of no particular interest, it being too one-sided to be interesting. We give the score below:—

Atlantic.	H. L.	R.	Mohawk.	H. L.	R.
Pearce, s.s.	2	5	Kelly, 2d b.	3	1
Chapman, 1 f.	3	4	Davenport, p.	4	1
Stark, 1st b.	4	3	"Davey," 1st b.	2	1
Crane, c f.	2	3	Wiggins, r f.	2	1
Mills, c.	3	3	Noonan, c.	4	1
Zettlein, p.	5	2	Miles, 3d b.	2	3
Macdonald, r f.	3	4	Hall, c f.	3	1
Ferguson, 3d b.	1	6	"Hudson," s.s.	4	0
Smith, 2d b.	3	3	A. Stelner, 1 f.	3	0
Total	35		Total	33	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	7	7	7	7	3	2	2	3	3—35
Mohawk	0	1	0	1	0	3	0	0	5—10

Fly catches—Atlantic, 8; Mohawk, 8. Out on fouls—Atlantic, 2; Mohawk, 7. Home runs—Stark, 1; Ferguson, 1; Smith, 1; Kelly, 1; Davenport, 1. Passed balls—Mills, 2; Noonan, 5. Umpire—Fitzhamham, of the Oriental Club. Scorers—Messrs. Monk and Darrell. Time of game—2 hours 20 minutes.

CINCINNATI vs. GREAT WESTERN.

On Wednesday, the 6th, the Cincinnati Club, of Porkopolis, played a friendly game with the Great Westerns, of the same place. It was rather one sided, though not so much so as was expected, for the Great Westerns played well for a young club, especially for the Great Western played well for a young club, especially for the "Red Stockings" were quite rusty for want while some of the "Red Stockings" were quite rusty for want while some of the "Red Stockings" were quite rusty for want of practice. This was quite noticeable in Howe, their fine short stop. They played their full nine, with the exception of Brainard, who had not yet arrived from New York, having been detained by the illness of his father. We append the score:—

Cincinnati.	H. L.	R.	Great Western.	H. L.	R.
Storer, c f.	7	4	Stiles, r f.	3	2
Howe, s s.	5	4	3	Beggs, 2d b.	3	1	2
Hatfield, c.	2	4	6	Sieberu, 1 f.	1	2	2
Johnson, 1 f.	4	2	2	Black, p.	0	2	2
Waterman, 3d b.	4	2	2	Mallish, c.	3	2	1
Wright, p.	4	2	2	Thompson, 2d b.	2	2	1
Gould, 1st b.	5	3	1	Mosby, c f.	3	0	0
Grant, r f.	4	0	1	Bates, 3	3	0	0
King, 3d b.	4	0	7	Kiemeyer, 1st b.	3	0	0
Total	41	23		Total	7	11	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Cincinnati	4	5	0	4	2	3	0	1	0—19
Great Western	0	2	0	1	0	0	2	0	0—7

Home runs—Cincinnati—Storer, 1; Hatfield 1; Grant 1; total, 3. Left on bases—Cincinnati, 4; Great Western, 2. Flies caught—Cincinnati—Howe, 3, Waterman, 1; Gould 1; King, 1; total, 6. Great Western—Black, 2; Sieberu, 1; total, 4. Fouls caught—Cincinnati—Hatfield, 3; Great Western—Mallish, 1; Bates, 3; Thompson, 1; total, 11. Flies missed—Cincinnati, 3; Great Western, 7. Fouls missed—Cincinnati, 1; Great Western, 2. Passed balls—Cincinnati, 5; Great Western, 13. Time of game—Two hours, ten minutes. Umpire—L. H. Rogers, Star B. B. C., Brooklyn. Recording Secretary National Association. Scorers—Worthington and Gould.

ATHLETIC vs. BACHELOR.

These two clubs met on the former's grounds, at Philadelphia, on the 9th inst., and notwithstanding the absence of McBride and Cuthbert, the Athletics won with ease. The score will tell the whole story:—

Athletic.	H. L.	R.	Bachelor.	H. L.	R.
Reach, 2d b.	2	5	R. Reach, s.s.	1	1
Kleinfelder, p.	2	6	McComb, 1st b.	4	0
Radcliffe, c.	2	5	Jamieson, 2d b.	4	0
Wilkins, s s.	3	4	Johnson, c.	3	0
Fisler, 1st b.	3	3	Keyser, p.	2	1
Berry, 3d b.	4	3	Jones, l f.	4	0
Sensenderfer, c f.	4	3	Brattan, c f.	3	0
Hayhurst, r f.	3	3	Culp, r f.	3	0
Schaefer, 1 f.	4	4	Ryan, 3d b.	4	0
Total	43		Total	5	

Innings.	1st.	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Athletic	4	2	1	10	7	0	13	0	7	7—42
Bachelor	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	1	0	0—5

Umpire—Mr. Shugart, Harry Clay B. B. C. Passed balls—Johnson, 6; Radcliffe, 3. Fly catches—Reach, 1; Radcliffe, 2; Wilkins, 1; Berry, 1; Sensenderfer, 2; Hayhurst, 1; Schaler, 1; total, 9. Left on bases—Reach, 3; McComb, 2; Johnson, 2; Keyser, 1; Jones, 3; Ryan, 1; total, 11. Fly catches missed—Berry, 2; Sensenderfer, 1; total, 3. Johnson, 2; Jones, 1; total, 3. Out on fouls—Athletic, 3; Bachelor, 1. Left on bases—Athletic, 8; Bachelor, 11. Time of Game—2 hours and 10 minutes.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ALABAMA.

On Monday, May 4th, the second game of a series of three between the Montgomery Club, of Montgomery, Ala., and the Dramatic Club, of Mobile, Ala., for the championship of that State, was played on the grounds of the latter, and it is estimated that between four and five thousand persons were present on the occasion. In the prior match the Montgomery boys were victorious, and they entered the game with elated spirits, which, however, were greatly dampened by the manner in which the Thespians went to work, playing steadily and in a much superior style to that exhibited in their previous encounter, eventually winning by the subjoined tally:—

Dramatic.	H. L.	R.	Montgomery.	H. L.	R.
Collett, 2d b.	1	1	Owens, c.	1	1
Wallace, l f.	1	9	Reignolds, c f.	2	5
Payne, 3d b.	5	6	Snow, 1st b.	4	3
C. Hurley, c f.	4	7	Frank, 2d b.	2	4
Wragg, 1st b.	2	6	Cromelin, 3	2	2
Patterson, r f.	2	9	Hogan, 3d b.	4	3
Jno. Hurley, p.	0	6	Gould, r f.	3	4
Fitzpatrick, c.	1	8	Lahay, c f.	4	3
Allen, s s.	3	5	Washburn, s s.	3	0
Total	67		Total	32	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Dramatic	5	6	23	12	6	4	2	0	6	67
Montgomery	3	13	0	7	0	3	0	6	0	32

Fly catches—Dramatic—Wallace, 1; Payne, 1; Wragg, 4; J. Hurley, 1; Fitzpatrick, 1. Montgomery—Frank, 2; Cromelin, 2; Hogan, 1. Foul catches—Dramatic—Collett, 2; Fitzpatrick, 1. Montgomery—Owens, 1; Reignolds, 7; Snow, 1. Home Runs—Montgomery—Hogan, 1. Umpire—John Smith, Mobile Club. Scorers—Wm. Sondheim, Montgomery Club; H. Gilbert, Gulf City Club. Time of game—Three hours. The third and deciding game is to be played at Greensburg on May 18th or 19th.

OPENING GAME AT THE CAPITAL.

On Saturday, May 9th, the Union Club, of the City of Magnificent Distances, played their opening game on their grounds on "the White Lot," the first nine being pitted against the 6.1. This organization, which is in a very flourishing condition at present, is composed mainly of young men who served with credit and distinction in the Union army during the rebellion, and are now occupying positions in the several departments at the Capitol, and they all manifest great enthusiasm in promoting the sport, the club promises ere long to make its mark in baldoom. The play upon both sides was creditable throughout, but the regular nine—whose fine batting was especially worthy of mention—went ahead in a canter, and won by the following score:—

First Nine.	H. L.	R.	Field.	H. L.	R.
Urell, 2d b.	2	7	Tiernay, c.	2	3
Smith, c f.	6	5	Muzzy, s s.	3	1
Alden, p.	3	9	Mills, 2d b.	3	1
Quamirell, s s.	3	7	Batty, f.	3	1
Abbott, 1st b.	3	6	Edwards, 1st b.	3	2
Adams, r f.	3	8	Dalton, 3d b.	1	2
Launoe, 1 f.	4	4	Bell, c.	3	2
Cornell, 3d b.	1	8	Thompson, f.	3	0
Olive, c.	5	4	Dockstader, f.	0	0
			Harmon, p.	3	0
Total	61		Total	15	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
First Nine	2	12	3	3	1	21	4	3	12—61
Field	0	1	1	1	3	0	3	6	0—15

Fly balls caught—First Nine, 6; Field, 5. Out on bases—First Nine, 16; Field, 6. Left on bases—First Nine, 2; Field, 7. Struck out—First Nine, 2; Field, 3. Home runs—First Nine, 1; Field, 1. Balls called—First Nine, 3; Field, 4. Passed Balls—First Nine, 3. Time of game—Two hours and 50 minutes. Umpire—J. Harmon.

BALL PLAY IN THE CRESCENT CITY.

An exciting game of ball was contested in New Orleans on the 3d inst., between the first nine of the Hopes and Washingtons, members of the Louisiana association, the hopes of the Hopes being realized by the score appended:—

Hopes.	H. L.	R.	Washington.	H. L.	R.
M. Riordan, p.	3	4	E. Wilcox, p.	3	2
L. McLaughlin, c.	5	3	H. Burckhart, c.	2	2
J. Metz, 1st b.	4	3	M. Jones, 1st b.	2	2
C. Lockerby, 2d b.	2	4	Kennedy, 2d b.	2	2
P. Everett, 3d b.	3	3	B. Leim, 3d b.	3	2
H. Leim, s s.	2	5	J. Jones, s s.	3	1
J. Sbias, l f.	3	4	Lasay, l f.	2	1
H. Bell, c f.	4	4	J. Louis, c f.	2	1
T. Cassey, r f.	1	6	E. Knott, r f.	3	1
Total	35		Total	12	

Innings	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Hopes	1	6	7	2	2	9	0	6	2	—35
Washington	2	3	2	0	2	0	2	1	0	—12

Umpire, C. Meister, of the Magnolia Club. Scorers—J. Jennings and L. Chassaignac. Time of game, two hours.

THE CHESTNUT STREET THEATER BASE BALL CLUB, of Philadelphia, have secured the grounds at 24th street and Columbia avenue for the base ball season of 1868, and will play on Wednesdays of every week. The following are the officers elected for the ensuing year:—John F. Wallis, President; Wm. E. Sinn, Vice President; T. T. Yeates, Secretary; John Stimmel, Treasurer; T. E. McSorley, Field Captain. The club will have a strong nine this season, and they will, no doubt, carry off as many trophies this season as they did last. It is the intention of this club to pay a visit during the summer to the cities of New York, Brooklyn and Boston, in which places they will be warmly received by the base ball fraternity. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, T. T Yeates, Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

THE BLUFF CLUB.—The opening game of the season was played by this Merom, Ind., Club, first nine against the field, on the 2d inst., the latter winning by a total of 32 to 24.

GRAND RIVER CLUB.—This is the title of a club lately organized at Galt, Ontario, by the election of the following officers:—President, Sam Wright; Vice President, Archie D. Riddell; Secretary, John Morton; Treasurer, John Oliver.

CENTRAL CITY CLUB, OF SYRACUSE, N. Y.—At a late election held by this club the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—President, Geo. A. Porter; Vice President, John Ryan; Recording Secretary, Oscar L. Brownell; Corresponding Secretary, G. S. Leonard; Treasurer, Jas. T. Johnson; Board of Directors, Geo. A. Porter, John Ryan, Geo. S. Leonard, P. L. Brownell, Jas. T. Johnson. F. A. Marsh, E. S. Jenny, A. Wilkinson and Chas. Barns. Tuesdays and Fridays were designated as practice days. This club now holds the gold ball won from the Niagaras, of Buffalo, and consequently the championship of Central and Western New York, and intend giving some of the strong clubs of the east a rub this season. Heavy batting is the strong point of the club, and their catcher, David Sandford, is a most excellent player, scarcely to be equalled behind the bat.

STONEWALL VS. ISLAND CITY.—The former club, of Houston, Texas, and the latter, of Galveston, played a match at the latter place on the 30th ult., the I. C.'s winning by a score of 27 to 17.

ACCIDENT.—Lewis King, of Xenia, O., broke his leg suddenly, while playing a match at Cincinnati, on the 9th inst.

BALL PLAY IN THE QUEEN CITY.—The Buckeye Club, of Cincinnati, was to have played in Urbana, Ohio, on Friday, the 8th, and the following day with the Republics, of Springfield, on the latter's ground. Their return game with the Great Western's has been deferred until Wednesday, the 13th.....On the 9th, the Cincinnati were to have played in Xenia with the Xenia Club. The latter organization is considered good. On the 12th, they play the Portsmouth, Ohio, club.

MALONE, of the Athletic Club, of Philadelphia, is said to have resigned and joined the Olympic Club of Washington, D. C.

THE ATHLETIC AND KEYSTONE CLUBS, of Philadelphia, are to play a match game on the 23d inst. Flowers is reported as having left the Athletics and gone over to the Keystones.

WESTERN TOUR OF THE ATHLETICS.—From Philadelphia we learn that the Athletic Club will start on their Western tour on or about the 30th inst. Their first stand it is said, will be at Pittsburgh; proceeding next to Columbus, Ohio, and from thence to Cheannati, where they will probably remain the 6th, 7th, and 8th of June. From there to St. Louis, stopping at Louisville. From St. Louis they will proceed to Bloomington, and from there to Chicago, where they will remain a couple of days. Leaving Chicago their next stand will be at Detroit, and from thence to Cleveland, and return home by way of the Sunbury and Erie Railroad. The nine will probably include McBride, pitcher; Radcliffe, catcher; Fisler, 1st base; Reach, 2d base; Wilkins, short stop; Berry, 3d base; Schaffen, right field; Sensenderfer, centre field; and Cuthbert, leftfields.

NEW YORK VS. BROOKLYN.—The picked nine match announced for Friday, May 8th, was postponed on account of the rain of the previous day. A large number of ball players were on hand and several hundred spectators. As the ground was in tolerable condition a scrub game was played between sides chosen by Chapman and Pike, the former winning by a score of 50 to 4. The picked nine match will be played on Tuesday, May 12th, weather permitting

THE MUTUALS TAKE THE FIELD.

Last, though not least, the Mutual Club, of New York, are finally in the field for the season. On Saturday, May 9th, at the Union Ground, they played their opening game. It was a very good display, everything considered. Nearly all the old faces of last season were on hand, with several new ones. Flanly, of the Excelsiors, and Swandel, of the old Eckfords, were the new players who made their debut in the Mutual nine, and their first appearance was a decided success. The field nine was made up mostly of club members, with three of the Oriental Club, of New York—Keefe, Schenck and Crombie. A game of six innings was played in an hour and a half, and although it was quite early, the boys cried quits, being anxious to try Lewis' chowder, a bountiful supply of which had been prepared. A large delegation of sports were on hand taking stock in the new nine. "Tom the Boatman" was in his element, and the old boy's hearty laugh rang across the ball field, carrying one's memory back to the club openings at the Elysian Fields years ago. Many an "old sport" took in the sunshine and balmy air on this occasion who had not shown up at a game since last fall. "Old times, Rocks," was the password, and many an old times sport turned out to see his favorite club handle the bat and ball for the first time. The score of the game is as follows:—

Mutual.	H. L.	R.	Field.	H. L.	R.
Jewett, c.	2	2	Keefe, p.	5	0
Martin, p.	0	3	Shreve, c.	3	1
Bearman, 1st b.	4	0	Thorne, 2d b.	2	2
Flanly, 2d b.	2	1	Simmons, 3d b.	2	1
Derry, r s.	0	2	Schenck, 1 f.	3	2
Swandel, 3d b.	2	2	Bell, c f.	2	2
Roberts, r f.	4	0	Sullivan, 1st b.	2	1
Pike, l f.	0	1	Denike, s s.	3	1
Kelly, c f.	2	2	Crombie, r f.	3	0
Tyson, r s.	2	1	C. Hunt, r s.	0	0
			E. Hunt, 1 f.	2	0
			Voege, f.	1	1
Total	14		Total	12	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutual	2	4	2	1	2	1	3	—14	
Field	2	0	1	2	1	0	1	—7	

Umpire—Mr. Graham, of the Mutual Club. Scorers—Messrs. Holly and Wilson. Fly catches—Mutual, 13; Field, 6. Out on fouls—Mutual, 5; Field, 6. Time of game—1 hour 59 minutes.

HARMONIC vs. UNIQUE.

The first match of the season on Staten Island was played on Friday, May 8th. It was the first appearance of the clubs vs. seniors, and the match the first of a home and home series. The score is as follows:—

Unique.	H. L.	R.	Harmonic.	H. L.	R.
Gorman, 2d b.	3	4	J. J. Bennett, 1st b.	3	4
Doubleday, c.	2	2	Phillips, c.	2	5
Harriman, s s.	3	3	Cosar, c f.	3	2
Hamilton, r f.	3	4	Russell, p.	4	2
Bouraem, 1st b.	3	3	W. Bennett, s s.	4	3
M. Staples, p.	3	1	Burns, l f.	3	3
Wilcox, 3d b.	3	0	Murphy, 3d b.	3	0
J. B. Staples, l f.	1	0	Byrne, 2d b.	1	2
Hotchkiss, c f.	1	0	Cather, r f.	4	2
Total	19		Total	33	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Unique	5	6	0	1	1	3	1	2—19
Harmonic	1	0	3	0	0	0	1	0—5—35

Fly catches—Unique, 11; Harmonic, 13. Put out on bases—Unique, 11 times; Harmonic, 14 times. Foul bound catches—Unique, 4; Harmonic, 3. Time of game—2 hours. Umpire—G. S. Scondeld, Jr., of the Enterprise Club. Scorers—Messrs. Eddie and Thomas

THE UNION CLUB OF ST. LOUIS.—The famous Union Club of St. Louis inaugurated the season of 1868 by a practice game on Saturday, May 2. The Union had out their champion nine, and it is said to be the strongest they ever had. The field nine was made up of the best players of the Empire, Resolute, Olympic and Union Clubs. A correspondent sends us a detailed account of the game, but, owing to the late hour at which it reached us, we are only able to publish the score:

Union.	H. L.	R.	Field.	H. L.	R.
Cabanne, 1st b.	3	4	Wirth, 1st b.	2	2
Duncan, s s.	3	2	Chambers, p.	3	3
Oran, c.	3	4	Frum, 2d b.	3	2
Easton, 3d b.	2	2	Barron, s s.	3	2
Lucas, p.	2	3	Day, c.	3	1
Greenleaf, r f.	4	2	H. G. Smith, c f.	3	2
Turner, 2d b.	2	4	Berry, l f.	4	2
Freeman, c f.	1	5	Carr, 3d b.	0	5
A. W. Smith, l f.	2	4	Bast, r f.	2	4
Total	26		Total	26	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	1	1	0	0	13	0	10	8—33	
Field	0	0	0	0	4	5	1	12	2—26

Home runs—Freeman, 1; Chambers, 1. Left on bases—Easton, 2; Lucas, 1; Chambers, 1; Frum, 1; Barron, 1; Carr, 1. Fly catches—Duncan, 1; Turner, 1; Easton, 1; Greenleaf, 2; Oran, 3—total for Unions, 7. Frum, 1; Chambers, 1; Wirth, 1; Barron, 2; Day, 1—total for Field, 6. Foul catches—Oran, 3; Berry, 1; Wirth, 3. Out on bases—By Cabanne, 7; Lucas, 1; Easton, 2; Oran, 1; Turner, 1—total for Union, 12. By Wirth, 8; Chambers, 2; Frum, 5; Smith, 1—total for Field, 16. Struck out—Barron and Day. Time of game—Three hours. Umpire, Mr. W. J. Reed. Scorer, Mr. C. O. Bishop, of the Union Club.

ATLANTIC VS. ATHLETIC.—The Atlantics will endeavor to pull off their postponed game with the Young Athletics, of Brooklyn, on Thursday, May 14th.

CRICKET.

YOUNG AMERICA.

This club played a match among themselves on the 9th inst., on their grounds near Philadelphia, with the following results, one innings being played:—

Field.		Eleven.	
R. Newhall b D. S. Newhall	8	F. Wright c Gumm b Welsh	0
Carpenter b C. A. Newhall	7	W. Bayard c Meade b Welsh	0
H. Fisher b C. A. Newhall	4	D. Newhall b Carpenter	50
Gummy c Bussier b Johns	16	Large (John) b Carpenter	1
Welsh c Baird b C. A. Newhall	11	Baird c Eurp b Carpenter	7
Meade c Carpenter b C. A. Newhall	44	C. Newhall b Carpenter	12
Earp c Bussier b D. S. Newhall	3	W. Johns c Gummy b Carpenter	2
Mooney run out	0	Sanderson c R. Newhall b Carpenter	0
Henry c Bassler b D. S. Newhall	3	Bussier c Earp b K. Newhall	2
Fox C. A. Newhall	0	Pease not out	1
Morgan b D. S. Newhall	0	Martin b Carpenter	0
E. Wright b C. A. Newhall	0	Bye, 1; leg bye, 1; wides, 8; no ball, 1	11
Williams b D. S. Newhall	0		
Tiers not out	1		
Leg bye	1		
Total	98	Total	86

ELEVEN OF ENGLAND.—There is some talk of bringing over the celebrated Eleven of England to play a series of games in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, for which condescension the Eleven expect to receive some twelve or fifteen thousand dollars! We trust that nothing of the kind will be done. If such a sum of money is to be expended, it can be appropriated to better purposes than hiring a club of English cricketers to visit us. When Americans go to England to participate in sporting matters, they not only receive no pay for their services, but pay every dollar of their own expenses. We can see no good in bringing out the England Eleven. If they desire to visit us at their own risk, well and good; but we must certainly enter our protest against putting the expense on our clubs. Those who are endeavoring to carry out the proposed speculation will find it to be a losing one in the end. We hope that it will be abandoned altogether.

WILLOW CLUB.—This club opened the season on Saturday, May 9th, on the Bedford grounds. A large number of members turned out on the occasion, and ladies were not wanting to give *eclat* to the commencement of the game. A match of one innings was arranged between the married and single members of the club, in which the Benedicts were successful by a score of 63 to 43.

BILLIARDS.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP STILL UNDECIDED.—No decision has been come to in the matter of John McDevitt vs. Melvin Foster, rival claimants for the championship of American billiards McDevitt has replied to Foster's protest. He assumes that the only charge of Foster's which appears any strength is the one accusing the referee of bias, and of having bet on the game, and this charge the referee himself refutes by affidavit, as follows:—"I had no money pending upon the result of the games and was not pecuniarily interested in the contest in any way whatever." We trust, for the interest of all parties, that there will be no more affidavits made. As the matters which the affidavits must be intended to subscribe to have really no bearing upon the point in dispute, they can have no other effect than to raise questions of veracity, and thus tend to bring all parties concerned into contempt. Except that it might gain Foster the sympathy of the public to prove that the referee had money on the game, the charge to that effect can be of no benefit to him. As affecting the final decision, the accusation as to the referee being pecuniarily interested is the weakest of all Foster's allegations, and whether it can be sustained or not, it is to be regretted that Foster put it forth. His strongest claims are that the referee, in his last two decisions, violated the rules of billiards; and if he holds to them, and abandons all the others, there will be no occasion for further affidavits on either side.

A MATCH PROPOSED BETWEEN FOSTER AND DANIELS.—Information was received in this city the other day, to the effect that Edward Daniels, champion of Massachusetts, desired to play Melvin Foster, of this city, a match at the regular American game, 1,500 points up, on a full-sized four-pocket table, for $500 a side. We understand that "Barkis," as represented by Foster, "is willin'," and hope to be able to announce in our next that a match between these two fine players has been consummated.

DEERY AND ESTEPHE.—An attempt is to be made to bring about a match between John Deery, of this city, and Victor Estephe, of Philadelphia, at the three-ball game, and also at the American game, pushing shots barred. As both these games are favorites with the gentlemen named, and as it is understood that both are nothing loth to play a match or two, it will not be difficult to arrange preliminaries. If made, the match must command general attention, and prove very interesting.

A CHAMPION CUE INJURED.—At the recent burning of Kheemann & Co's billiard table manufactory in Chicago, the champion cue of the State of Illinois, held by Joseph Vernuelen, was considerably damaged. It was, last week, sent on to Phelan & Collender, who made it, and also gave it as a prize, to be put in order again.

CYRILLE DION HOME AGAIN.—The champion of Canada returned to Montreal last week, after a stay among us of nearly a months duration, during which he was singularly successful in his contests with our leading players. As a result of his visit he reached home a richer, if not a wiser man.

CUTTING DOWN.—Chris. O'Connor is having the tables in his Union Square Rooms cut down to second size.

NEW ROOM IN WILLIAMSBURGH.—The brother of ex-Coroner Wilday has, like that gentleman, gone into the billiard business. He is located in Williamsburgh, and on Wednesday or Thursday night of this week, Messrs. Phelan, Deery and others will give an exhibition at this establishment.

MATCH FOR A LARGER AMOUNT.—It is stated that in case McDevitt is declared entitled to the stakes dependent upon the uncompleted game in Chicago, Foster will challenge him to play for a much larger amount.

WILMARTH VS. DAVIS.—On Monday, May 4th, R. E. Wilmarth and Richard Davis played at the Wallack Billiard Rooms, corner of Broadway and 13th streets, a match for $200, 1,000 points, caroms, Davis receiving the odds of 100 points. The score was Wilmarth, 1,000, Davis, including 100 odds, 638. Highest runs—Wilmarth, 127; Davis, 86. Average—Wilmarth, 24½; Davis, 10.

PIERRE CARME, the French billiardist, is at St. Louis, about to give an exhibition as soon as a suitable hall has been secured.

DANIEL'S RESPONSE TO DEERY.—EDITOR CLIPPER, SIR.—"I decline to play the game as proposed by Mr. Deery, in his challenge, but I will play him the American game of billiards, fifteen hundred points up, "jaw barred" on a fall sized table, for five hundred dollars a side. The match to be played in Boston. I have two hundred and fifty dollars deposited with Mr. Bailey as forfeit. Respectfully yours, EDWARD DANIELS.

Boston, Mass, May 2, 1868.

A CUE-TICKLE CONTEST is to take place at No. 527 Hudson street, between Dudley Kavanagh, and other experts, on Saturday, 16th inst., after the setting sun has gone to rest.

THE HALLELUJAH BAND.—The subjoined invitation, in the shape of a placard, is now widely circulated in Manchester, England:—"The Sheffield Hallelujah Band.—The above remarkable band of Christian men have amongst them reformed drunkards, converted thieves, race runners, dog fighters, gamblers, and prise fighters, who have been notorious ringleaders in the Devil's service, but, having been converted to God, are now laboring for the conversion of others. These men, in connection with preachers and leaders of all denominations, will conduct special revival services on Sunday, April 12, 1868, and following Sundays, in the Irwell Dining Room, London Road, Manchester. Time of service, every Sabbath at half past ten, half past two, and six o'clock. Open-air services in connection with the above services. Collections after each service to defray expenses. By order of the Committee. John Unwin, Treasurer."

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

MAY ——Barney Aaron and Patsy Sheppard, $3,000, at 120 lbs.

" ——Joe Coburn and Mike McCoole, $10,000 and the championship of America.

JULY 2—Johnny Hackey and Hank McCotter, $1,000; the former at catch weight and the latter to be confined to 128 lbs.

AUG. 24—Sam Collyer and Billy Edwards, $2,000, open for more, and the light-weight championship, at 124 lbs.

THE MATCH FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS between Joe Coburn, of N. Y., and Mike McCoole, of Mo.

VISIT TO THEIR TRAINING QUARTERS.

THE COURSE OF WORK PURSUED BY EACH.

DEPARTURE OF COBURN FOR THE WEST.

Scarce two weeks will elapse from the date of our present issue ere, barring accident, interference, or prevention by any other cause, the two leading boxers of America—Joe Coburn, who represents the interests of the Eastern fancy, and Mike McCoole, the *beau ideal* of a fistic gladiator in the eyes of the Western division—stand up for the second time within the squared circle for the mastery with nature's weapons for the highest honors of the arena. The excitement in regard to the great event noticeably increases in consequence, and any one who entertained any doubt upon this point would have been convinced of the folly of such surmises had they paid a visit to the training quarters of the New Yorker during the latter portion of last week. Our reporter visited the unpretentious looking, but cosy Harlem Hotel, where Coburn was located, the day prior to his proceeding "westward ho," and found an immense crowd of sporting celebrities and others congregated there, all anxious to obtain a "last long, lingering look" at the ex-champion, ere he left, and wish him well upon the eventful day, it being estimated that fully one thousand persons passed through the gate on that occasion alone. Although evidently annoyed by the scrutiny and continuous queries of the multitude, Joe, who is well below his fighting weight, was courteous to all. As a sketch of his daily routine will be interesting to the readers of this column, we herewith give the information derived by our reporter relative thereto. As the hour hand of the clock points to five o'clock, A. M., Coburn is wide awake, and rising shortly afterward, in company with Charley Earle, he takes a tramp through Central Park, than which a more favorable locality for the purpose could not be found, and about seven miles at each of these "strolls," being well rubbed down after his return; and at eight o'clock to the minute he sits down to a breakfast composed of porter-house steak, or mutton chop, cooked rare, and dry toast, washed down with a cup of tea, with which a glass of sherry and egg has been mixed. After a short rest, he again starts out on the road, extending his walks to from sixteen to eighteen miles, and upon his return, before, however, indulging in his noonday meal, he takes a bath in cold water, using coarse towels until his flesh glistens like polished marble. At one o'clock he partakes of a nice piece of boiled mutton, chicken or rare steak, and a glass of Scotch ale. In the afternoon he receives his friends until about three o'clock, when he repairs to his gymnasium and exercises with the dumb bells, weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds, Indian clubs of from fourteen to twenty-five pounds weight, the rings, horizontal bar, and the pulling machine, to which is attached thirty-five pounders, the last constituting the severest work in the programme. At six o'clock he is ready for supper, which usually consists of three or four mutton chops, rare and devoid of fat, with a cup of tea, and dry bread or dry toast. After supper he indulges in gentle exercise, walking two or three miles to accelerate digestion, and about nine o'clock he retires for the night, and scarcely does his head press the pillow ere he is sound asleep. In his walks he always carries a small rubber ball, which he passes continually from hand to hand and is accompanied by the mammoth Siberian bloodhound lately presented him by Francis King, leading him by a chain with a view to strengthening the muscles of his arms. Every third day he takes a bath, prepared in a manner which was a favorite with Tom Sayers, and afterwards is carefully rubbed down with coarse towels and the hand. Very few persons, not professional jumpers, can excel Coburn in clearing gravel, and we are reliably informed that he has walked two miles and a half in twenty-five minutes, which is pretty good traveling. While this course of work has greatly reduced his avoirdupois, it has exercised an opposite effect in the case of Charley Earle, who looks much improved, and has increased considerably in weight. Charley deserves much credit for the assiduousness with which he has performed his duties. A correspondent furnishes the following details of McCool's training, which differs slightly from that of his rival:

"McCoole, whose labors are superintended by Bill Blake and Mike Trainor, is called from his bed at his quarters, the Fairield House, on Grand avenue, near the fair grounds, St. Louis, at 4 o'clock in the morning, and is unrelieved with a quiet snooze, is given a cup of tea and a bit of bread, after which he walks two or three miles and then sits down to a substantial repast of a pound or so of beefsteak or mutton chop, (neither repeated twice,) with plain bread and few or no vegetables, the whole washed down with a glass of Scotch ale. After resting a half hour he starts off with Blake for a walk of ten or twelve miles, taking a different route each day. Returning about eleven o'clock, he is thoroughly rubbed down with dry towels, and sits down to a substantial dinner of chicken-broth, from which all the fat is skimmed, broiled chicken, steak, etc. After dinner he rests an hour or so, then exercises with pulleys, bag, clubs, etc., receives his visitors or takes a walk of two or three hours—returning from which, at half past four, he is treated to a sponge bath and again rubbed. At six o'clock he sits down to his supper, consisting of oatmeal porridge or "stirabout," and sometimes a cup of tea, and after this light meal he walks to the theatre, this time accompanied by Trainor. Returning from this walk he is again bathed, rubbed down, and goes to bed at eight o'clock. Everything he eats or drinks first passes under the surveillance of Mike Trainor."

On Saturday next,

CROQUET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

When the long, bright, blithesome summer
Drives the shadow of storm away,
Can you tell me of any amusement
That compares with the game of *croquet*?

Out on the lawn, the ladies
Flirtations will freely permit,
And it not unfreequently happens
That the ball and our hearts are both hit.

For who could visit the allurement,
When the breeze, with the clover-bloom sweet,
Comes lifting the light, gaury dresses
And showing the girls' pretty feet?

Or, when with the flush of excitement
Their cheeks shame the sunset's red dye,
What wonder if under your waistcoat
The arrows of Cupid should fly?

And yet more enticing and tauntling,
There flutters in loving unrest
Each voluptuous, million-pleasured,
White, delicate, beautiful breast.

O! save me from rooms overcrowded,
And the half-frozen fun of a sleigh,
And give my latest preferring—
A fine little game of *croquet*.

With mallets and wickets and beauty,
Smiling nature, and ladies as gay,
I wish it was summer, forever,
And the world a great field of *croquet!*

THE WHITE HAND;

OR,

THE JEWELED SNAKE.

PART THE THIRD.

THE LEFT HAND DRAWER.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TEMPTER AND HIS VICTIM.

"Devils soonest tempt,
Resembling spirits of light."

A more fatal mistake could scarcely have been made than that committed by Clam in breaking out of the Fulham station-house. Next day a hue-and-cry was raised, and before the week was out a bill offering a reward for her apprehension as well as that of her associate, Dick Doubledick, was posted on every dead wall in London.

The act, too, seemed of itself, and without further evidence, to prove beyond doubt that she had been guilty of the robbery; and indeed Arthur Warrington, who had always been much attached to his faithful groom, was one of the most positive concerning her culpability. Here, then, she suddenly found herself an outcast and pariah, obliged to skulk and hide from public sight, running the risk at every street corner of falling into the clutches of the law, which there was every reason to believe would deal somewhat hardly with her when next it had her safe.

Mr. Dick Doubledick, a thief by profession, did not find anything very unusual in this state of things. He was, as it were, accustomed to being "wanted," and took his luck, as he called it, whether or not he was to be laid by the heels in one of her Majesty's stone jugs. But there was another cause for anxiety in Clam's case besides the fear for her personal safety. Her dear sister Nelly had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, leaving no trace behind.

The last news obtainable regarding her the reader is already in possession of. She had left her lodgings in company with Mr. Digges. As her relationship to Nelly was unknown by the people in the house where she had lodged, Clam could safely go there to make enquiries; but failing to hear anything of her, she came to a sudden standstill, for how could she properly prosecute her search when she herself was in dread of being publicly seen? Her only chance of finding her sister seemed indeed to be in lying in wait at odd times, and keeping a somewhat vague and desultory watch upon Digg's house and upon the house where she had lodged. But no good results came of this course of conduct. Meanwhile the necessity of doing something to get some money to live began to be apparent. When she had left prison before she had obtained employment by a series of lucky accidents, and was hopeful of so doing upon this occasion. But her sphere was rather limited. She was now afraid of seeking work in the same line that she had been in before, fearing that she might recognise her. At the earliest opportunity, therefore, she got rid of her groom's dress. She still wore male attire, but it was a suit of rusty black, much the worse for wear. Thus attired, however, and with a brave heart, she set about seeking a place. But her old luck seemed to have deserted her; and though she struggled valiantly and indefatigably for a long while, the dreadful truth at last dawned upon her that there was no chance of gaining an honest livelihood. What to do then? Mr. Doubledick's opinion on the subject possessed some degree of novelty.

"Its all precious fine what you read in tale-books," said he, "about your virtuous youths and maidens rather starving themselves than pursue a course of crime. The sentiments does 'em honor, and I've no manner of objection to 'em. But don't it leave something of this impression on your mind?—you say to yourself, 'Ah, if Tommy Goodlad had only consented to be a robber, and Polly Pureone had only hearkened to that there wicked old nobleman, they might have been basking in the gilded saloons of wice and debauchery.' Perhaps they might; but the experience of Richard Doubledick, Esquire, leads him to this conclusion—it don't by any means follow that when you make your mind up to pursue a career of crime as you'll be able to make a living by it."

Upon another occasion Mr. Doubledick observed:—

"In my opinion robbing is a little overdone just now. Of course there are robbers in shops—respectable tradesmen and all that kind of thing, but the pocket-picking and house-breaking is done up. There's nothing in the houses or the pockets to repay you for your trouble."

Under these melancholy circumstances it seemed as though Clam had no way open to her of earning her daily bread either virtuously or otherwise. Perhaps she had better make up her mind to hide away in some quiet corner and starve to death. The recollection of the old miserable days came back upon her very often now, and sometimes she dreamt that she was again a miserable little shoeless child, wandering about homeless and friendless in the cruel London streets.

She was homeless and friendless enough now. She very soon parted company with Doubledick, who before long was recognized by the police, and taken into custody. First she was resolved to starve rather than steal, but hunger is harder to bear than a person who had always been well fed at regular periods would readily imagine possible. Before long she got to be very desperate. One day she found herself in the close vicinity of a fat old lady, whose pocket gaped temptingly, revealing in its depths a plump portemonnaie.

For a couple of days the only food Clam had tasted was half a raw turnip, picked up in Covent Garden market. Before she had quite settled in her own mind whether it was not better to go on dying by inches, and whether the risk was not too great, her hand had somehow plunged deeply in the opening in the old lady's dress, and the purse was in her hand.

This happened in a little crowd outside a shop window in Shoreditch. The girl stood a moment with the portemonnaie tightly grasped between her fingers, uncertain what to do, but in a moment almost had recovered her presence of mind, and made the first step towards a run for it. As ill-luck would have it, at that instant the old lady felt in her pocket and missed her property. She turned sharply round, uttering a loud exclamation. Clam ran. This decided the old lady respecting the way her money had gone, and she screamed out "Stop thief!" lustily. Clam ran on with all the speed she was capable of. Several persons immediately joined in pursuit and followed at her heels, yelling,

"Stop thief! stop thief!"

There seemed to be a music in the cry which brought a troop of ragamuffins yelping out from every open court and alley. They hunted the panting, breathless girl along through half a dozen streets, until at length, the darkness favoring her, she managed to give her pursuers the slip, and sank exhausted on a doorstep. Scarcely had she thus fallen, however, when a strong hand grasped her collar and twisted itself tightly in her neckerchief. She still held the portemonnaie in her hand She had never let go of it.

The person who had seized her, however, caught sight of its bright brass binding, and pinching her fingers, jerked it out of her grasp. Clam had got upon her feet to struggle with her assailant, but want of food and her recent exertions had taken away all her strength, and she was powerless as a baby in his hands. Leaning against the house side, still in the stranger's custody, Clam breathlessly regarded him, and was in the first moment of her surprise delighted to see that she had not got to do with a policeman.

The person before her was, as well as she could make out, a swell, for he seemed to be fashionably dressed, smelt of scent, and wore light kid gloves. Reassured by this state of things, she gasped out with some show of courage:

"What are you choking me for? Give me back my money, will you?"

"Your money, eh," said the gentleman, "you confounded young cheat? You call it yours, do you, when you've only just nailed it?"

"It is mine: give it me back."

"I shall give it back to its rightful owner, my dear boy. And as to what I shall do with you, I'm not quite certain."

Hearing this, Clam made a violent effort to free herself and escape, but the strange gentleman still kept a tight hold of her.

"There, there!" he said somewhat impatiently, "that will do; there's quite enough of that sort of thing—I don't mean to hurt you. Come along here into this public house, and we'll talk things over quietly."

Clam, with some misgivings, followed him.

"Now what will you drink?"

"I am very faint with hunger. I should like something to eat, if you please."

"I daresay we can manage that. Here, landlord, bring the nicest you've got—something delicate—and a pint of sherry."

Before giving these orders the gentleman had opened the purse and turned over its contents with his finger. As he did so he smiled. Clam could not see how much the purse contained, but the glance that she obtained showed her that there was gold in it—several pieces. When she had eaten of the meal provided, her companion, who had been leaning back smoking, thus addressed her:—

"How long have you been following your profession?"

"Do you mean stealing?"

"If you like to call it so, I have no objection. We generally use politer language. Anyhow, if you like it that way, how long have you been a prig?"

"This purse was the first thing I ever took."

"Ha! you can tell that to the marines. Anyhow, you're precious clumsy at the trade, or you wouldn't have tried to bolt in the way you did. You may thank your stars you got off so easy, and you may be thankful for another thing, and that is, that you have made my acquaintance."

Clam stared hard and a little incredulously at the dark gentleman. Presently she mustered courage to ask:—

"Why so?"

"Because I shall put you in the way of making a fortune without any trouble."

Clam thought the gentleman very kind and said as much.

"Look here," he continued, lighting a fresh cigar. "Do you smoke? you will find them good ones."

Clam took one and her friend continued—

"My name," said he, "is Deverel; they call me Handsome Jack"—here he stroked his moustache complacently—"others call me Slippery Jack; and that is because they never can cobble me."

Clam stared hard, and thought her companion a very wonderful person. She had heard of him before, it must be observed, in the old days when she lived with Crawling at the Last Hope public house. His fame as a clever dodger of the law had spread far and wide, but Clam did not exactly know how he got his living.

"How do you propose, sir, to make my fortune?" she inquired.

"You need not bother yourself about the whys and wherefores. If you like, we'll go partners."

"What does that mean, sir?"

"It means that we'll work together. All you take you'll share with me, and all I take I'll share with you. You shall live at my house, and pay me a little for your board and lodging."

Clam thought this over—thought of the many hungry days and nights she had passed, and of the extremely nice meal she had just partaken of.

"I'm quite agreeable if you are," she said.

"That's right, my boy!" cried Deverel, with a laugh; and taking Clam's arm they strolled out together, puffing at their cigars.

Outside, Mr. Deverel called a cab and they drove to his residence, which was at a distant part of London. Poor Clam! she little thought what a scoundrel this was who had got her in his power.

CHAPTER XVI.

RAVENSDROPPING.

"'What dost thou hear?'
'Naught that I can make sense on, Tony.'"

Mr. Deverel's house was handsomely, or, at any rate, comfortably furnished, and its owner appeared to live on the fat of the land. That night they had quite a sumptuous supper; and when Deverel showed Clam the apartment which was to serve her as bedroom, she thought to herself she had never even hoped for such good quarters. Next day Mr. Deverel said:—

"Your wardrobe is not in very first rate order. I think I have got some things that will just suit you."

He produced from a cupboard a surprisingly large assortment of clothes, which she was at liberty to select from. But what seemed to her rather odd was, that they were all sizes, although evidently all boys' clothes.

"They couldn't all have belonged to him," she thought. "I wonder whose they were?"

Deverel explained.

"I bought the lot cheap from a friend of mine who was in the line, and owed me some money."

"I wonder what's become of all the owners?" said Clam.

Deverel smiled rather an ugly smile, and looked at her out of the corners of his eyes.

"God knows!" he said.

That night Handsome Jack gave his young friend five shillings, and told her to go and amuse herself at the play; only to be sure and be home in time for a roast goose supper.

"I shant much mind," thought Clam, "how long this partnership goes on, if this is all the work I've got to do."

But next day she spoke to Deverel upon the subject.

"When am I to begin to work? I shan't be able to pay you for my board if I don't earn any money."

"O, there's time enough for that," said Deverel.

And the next day and the next passed away in much the same fashion as their predecessors. The next evening, coming home rather earlier than usual, Clam was surprised to find that her friend had two visitors. They and she and Deverel had supper together—but there was very little conversation. Once or twice when one of the strangers began to talk, Deverel frowned and nodded him into silence; and Clam also detected a number of signs passing between the three it was clear she was not intended to see. As soon as supper was over Deverel said:—

"Now my boy, you can go to bed; you must be tired."

She was not tired at all, but there was something in Deverel's manner which seemed unpromising to contradiction. When she got up into her bedroom, however, she felt so very wakeful, she began to wish that she had brought up some book with her that she could read, for she had learnt this accomplishment while in jail.

Her bedroom was on the second floor, and there was a sort of lumber room on the first floor where there were one or two books. She thought she would creep down stairs and get one. The lumber room was just over the parlor where the men were sitting drinking, and she had to be very cautious in her movements, because the day before a great piece of the plaster had fallen off one corner of the parlor ceiling, and it was very easy to hear any sound from one room to the other.

As she crept in on tip-toe she thought Deverel would be angry if he knew she was going to read in bed, but she now overheard the two visitors talking together, and the first sentence arrested her attention.

"I suppose that young fool is the new victim?"

"No doubt of it," said the other; "a nice innocent look he's got, too. What's-his-name knows what he's up to."

"What's become of the last young brute?"

"Gone where the rest have gone before him. When they get into trouble he leaves them then. He manages matters wonderfully. He never gets pulled into the mess."

"And he lives like a fighting cock on their earnings."

"To be sure he does. He runs no risk himself."

"Well, I'm not squeamish myself about a trifle, but I do think he must be an atrocious scoundrel to ruin these poor little wretches and grow fat on such dirty work."

"Hush, Tom; not so loud."

Clam, the better to listen, had gone down upon her hands and knees. At this moment she felt herself seized from behind by the neck. She started up, and a half-uttered cry escaped her lips; but instantly a hand was placed upon her mouth.

"The fiend!" hissed Deverel between his clenched teeth; "what are you spying at? What do you want to know? What do you know?"

"I know nothing!" gasped Clam

Deverel, without relaxing his hold, drew her from the room and up stairs. Then pushed her inside the bedroom, and keeping a tight hold of her with one hand, felt in his pocket with the other.

"Look here," he said, producing a murderous looking dagger-knife which he opened with his teeth; "let us understand each other, my young friend. As long as you act fair, I'll act fair. But if I catch you at any tricks I'll cut your young heart out."

There was something so ferocious in the glare of the ruffian's eyes when he made this horrible threat, that Clam shrank from him terrified. Without saying more Deverel flung her from him, and, closing the door, locked it and put the key in his pocket.

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Next day Deverel and his young friend had some more talk upon the same subject.

"I was a little hasty last night," said Handsome Jack; "but I was put out, and you must not mind if I was a little rough. You see I like to begin as I mean to go on, and I can't bear any double dealing."

Clam, to tell the truth, was rather ashamed of herself. She thought she was in the wrong, and although the conversation she had heard made her feel rather uneasy, Deverel—if they referred to him—had behaved very well so far, and she ought not to have played the spy. That day Deverel said that change of air would do them both good, and that he had a notion they would take a trip into the country together. Clam asked whether there was any business on at last, but Deverel said she would learn all in good time.

They started for Harwich by the express, and met with the accident which has been already described. When Deverel accompanied Mr. Bagshaw home, Clam was sent on to an hotel at Harwich, the name which Handsome Jack gave her.

"Wait for me there till I come," he said; "I may be a day or two.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN OLD FRIEND.

"'Do you remember what passed between us
Long, long ago?'
'Nay, I remember nothing.'"

In spite of the attendance of the doctor in whom Mr. Bagshaw had so much faith, he did not recover quite as quickly as was at first expected. The doctor looked a little puzzled sometimes. Why did he not get better? He had a good nurse; he was kept perfectly quiet; everything was done for him that could be done. But he did not get better—he got worse.

At first, as we have seen, the doctor did not have a very good opinion of Esther. But now that had all changed. He had had a conversation upon the subject with Mr. Deverel—a perfectly unprejudiced person, who had never seen the lady before in his life, and who explained away quite naturally all that seemed strange in her conduct.

"The fact is," said he, "I did not know it at first, but I have found out since that our amiable hostess is a little deaf. Sometimes she does not understand what is said, and makes awkward mistakes. I know for a fact that she has an enormous admiration for your talents."

The doctor was much flattered by this. To tell the truth he was not very skilful, and he was well paid for this job that he had got hold of. But do what he would, he could not make his patient well again, and at last one day said that he thought Mr. Bagshaw ought to see a clergyman.

"Of course," said the young wife; "what clergyman shall I send for?"

The sick man was consulted, and the doctor asked whether he would like a visit from the minister of the chapel he had been in the habit of attending. Esther listened to the proposition tremblingly. If that fellow Wagstaffe were to get a footing in the house there was no knowing what influence he might obtain over the sick man. Besides, he had threatened her. Not that she cared much for that, for if she kept him away from her husband his threats were mere wasted air.

Greatly to her relief, however, the sick man indignantly rejected the notion of Wagstaffe's visit He wanted none of that lot, he said savagely. It has been told already how, after his marriage, the old grocer had withdrawn himself from the Sunday meetings of the Peculiar People. This was Esther's doing. Having got hold of the rich grocer herself, she had no intention to allow any one else to have the plucking of him.

Slowly and gradually, therefore, she had poisoned him against the simple little community, and even made him to some extent disbelieve the religion of which he had hitherto been such a staunch supporter. When the clergyman's visit was proposed Mr. Bagshaw, after some hesitation, said that he would like to see the rector of the parish; and to him a message was sent.

He lived at about a couple of miles' distance from the house, at a place called Woodleigh, and Esther was not acquainted with his name. A verbal message was therefore sent, to which he quickly responded. He was a young man, very energetic and zealous, rather good looking, and a bachelor. The living was a rich one, and people said he was very lucky to have got it.

Some who were jealous of him tried to make out that he had not in past times borne the best of characters, but this was mostly idle talk, for no proofs could be brought forward to his discredit. He was standing in front of the fire, with a devout and solemn expression of countenance, when Esther entered the room, and he was reading a book. But at the first sight of her he made a great start, let fall the volume, and himself almost fell back into the fire. Almost as astonished was Esther, but she was the first to regain her composure.

"Mr. Percival," she said, "I think we have met before?"

He warded her off nervously with his hand, and for a time seemed bereft of the power of speech. At last, however, he found his tongue, and managed to gasp out:—

"I came here to see Mr. Bagshaw. Have you—are you——"

"Yes," she replied, with a quiet smile; "I am Mrs. Bagshaw. My husband will be very glad to see you."

"After this—after what has occurred, I could not think of remaining in the house."

Esther laid her hand on the door handle.

"It would not be wise for you to quarrel with me. I have more authority now than in those old prison days."

Again the clergyman made a nervous movement, as though he would have escaped had it been possible.

"I cannot and will not converse with you upon this subject. I wonder you have the hardihood to venture upon the topic yourself."

"I have a reason for doing so. As chance has thrown us together thus unexpectedly, I must know on what footing we are to be for the future."

"I should prefer," said he, "that we met no more. The memory of my weakness and your treachery will haunt me to my dying day. How I could have been such a mad fool as to lend myself to your schemes seems now incredible."

"Excuse me, Mr. Percival," she said, "it is not so difficult to understand your lending your aid in my little prison breaking, because you may recollect that at the time you were a good deal pressed for money. The only thing that puzzles me is how you could, as a man of the world, have allowed yourself to be so very easily taken in."

"It was a clever trick of yours, and one that you ought to feel proud of, to cheat a person who had risked so much for your sake."

"I was obliged to be a little artful. I had no one to look to but myself; everyone to doubt and fight against. If I had not made you believe that I had got some diamonds hidden away outside the prison, you would never have helped me to escape."

"You did not expect that I would risk my character, my whole earthly prospects, for nothing."

"You did have something; I gave you two diamonds in the prison."

"Yes, yes; it was very well managed. I was a fool—that is all. I certainly was dumbfounded when, after enabling you to change your prison-dress for other clothes, and followed you half over London, you coolly turned round on me and said that the history of the hidden diamonds was all a fable."

"I remember," said Esther, much diverted, "that you were dreadfully disappointed. You would have killed me if you could, or you would have given me up to the jail authorities; only that you had too far implicated yourself to dare to do so. I was obliged to manage matters in that way for my own safety."

"This seems to me to be useless talk. After all, I am not the only one to whom you behaved falsely. There was another victim."

"Ah, poor Stacy! I have thought of her several times."

"Indeed!"

"I was afraid, too, that you would get into some trouble on her account. I thought she might be spiteful when she found that she had been left behind."

"Very likely that might have been the case had she lived."

"What do you mean? Is she dead, then?"

"When you left her you did not care much what became of her."

"I had to think of my own safety; besides, I could not help her."

"You did not try very much, I think. You did not even tell me that you had a companion. It was a cruel and heartless desertion."

"It was a wise one, at any rate. She, too, was to have shared the diamonds. There would have been none left for you and me."

Mr. Percival could scarcely restrain his anger.

"She will not annoy you any longer. In trying to follow you she slipped her foot, and dashed her brains out on the flagstones in the yard below."

Esther listened without much show of emotion to the account of her fellow-prisoner's death, but for a moment was silent and thoughtful.

"You must not refuse to see my husband; and in the meantime it will perhaps be as well if we make no allusion to the past."

"You may rely upon my not recalling any of these unpleasant incidents, but you will excuse me, I hope, if I say that I do not see any necessity for our renewing our acquaintance. The world is wide enough; if your husband wants the services of a clergyman, send for some one else."

"No. It was an accident that I sent for you; but since you have come, and since you have learnt where I am, I would rather you stayed. Besides, you're not afraid of me?"

"Why should I be?" he asked, with a rather poor attempt at a smile."

But he was afraid—desperately afraid, though he hardly knew of what.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HAIR PIN.

"'A mystery! a secret!'
'Odds fish! there's naught in it!'
'Wait, and you'll see!'"

One difficult task was before the young wife. How was she to manage Diggs and Deverel, and keep them both quiet? Before the week was out Diggs had paid Esther another visit, to see whether she had got the money he had asked her for, and what had became of Deverel. She had not got the money, and she found Handsome Jack making himself very much at home.

"Do you want him to stop or to go?" the old man asked savagely.

"To go, to be sure," she replied.

"Then why not get rid of him?"

"How can I?"

At this old Diggs secretly foamed and gnashed his teeth. He had a strong suspicion that she was deceiving him, and yet he dared not show it. When he had said that he was not afraid of her cheating him out of his share of the plunder this had been for the most part empty talk. He was very much afraid if she liked to turn against him and join issue with "that scoundrel Deverel." The fact is, neither he nor any one else could have dreamt of such a piece of ill-luck as Deverel's turning up. Any one else he could have fought against easily. Deverel, on his part, said very coolly that he meant to stop, and defied Diggs to turn him out.

"If you interfere with me I'll blow the whole business," he said; "so have a care."

As for Esther, she told Diggs, as we have seen, that she was anxious to get rid of Deverel. To Deverel she told the same story with reference to Diggs. Perhaps she would have liked to have got rid of both of them, and was racking her brains for the means. Meanwhile nothing was heard of Wagstaffe; and though Mr. Percival made several calls upon the sick man he took care as much as possible to avoid the company of the lady of the house. But though she saw but little of him she managed to keep a sharp look out on his movements.

"I would entrust him further than I could see him," she said to Deverel; and when he was alone with the sick man it often happened that a curtain hanging over a door which communicated with a little dressing room beyond quivered gently, as though the wind was blowing it.

Here she watched and listened, but as yet heard nothing which she need fear. Still she had a presentiment he would speak some day, and she must be upon the alert.

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Sometimes Mr. Deverel went up stairs to the invalid and sat with and talked to him. The poor old man had a mad notion always that next day he would be well enough to come down stairs.

"Don't go yet," he said to Deverel, when the latter spoke of bringing his visit to a conclusion; "don't think of going just now, when I'm getting over it. I want to show you the place, and talk to you. I'm rather dull here, and—and shall be very grateful for your company."

These vague ideas pleased Deverel very much. He was in no hurry to take his departure. Now and then he paid a visit to Harwich, where Clam was still living, and boring herself a little at one of the hotels. The rest of the time he amused himself as best he could at Bagshaw's house.

The poor invalid, far from getting well, as he himself foolishly imagined, got every day weaker and more exhausted. He was now but the shadow of his former self. His thin, ghastly face, straggling white locks and wild eyes, formed an awful spectacle as he rolled out from the crumpled bedclothes, which generally he clutched tightly to his chin with a claw like hand.

The doctor gave his medicines, and often changed his prescriptions; not a little puzzled that his drugs did no more good than they did. It was when Bagshaw looked terribly worn and death-like that he proposed a visit from the clergyman. Shortly afterwards, however, the patient began to mend a little. He was at the time giving him less physic, perhaps that accounted for the improvement. According to the belief of the religious sect to which Bagshaw belonged physic is useless, and a faith in the Lord the only proper medicine.

But that could not have been the reason either, for presently the old symptoms came on again, and the old man's illness increased. Then the doctor suggested that other medical aid should be procured. A consultation between the two doctors took place, but no satisfactory result was arrived at. The old gentleman was sinking, the doctors determined. He must be kept quiet. He must not exert himself in the least, nor dream of leaving his room.

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Esther listened to all this with the deepest concern. She would have been indefatigable in her attendance, but her health would not allow of this. She, however, generally gave the sick man his physic, for she said she did not like to trust the nurse.

One night Deverel and she were seated in the drawing room. The servants had gone to bed and the house was dark and silent, except when now and then the wind without rattled the casements or moaned plaintively through the naked branches of the trees. Autumn now was far advanced, and the dead leaves lay thick upon the ground.

They sat close to the fire and at a very little distance from each other. On the table was an open desk, among the papers of which Deverel had been making a search, and he now held one in his hand, while in a low voice he was speaking to his companion. At this moment the handle of the door turned and the door was open.

They started to their feet, and Deverel thrust some of the papers back into the desk and the others into his pocket. They thought, after the first momentary alarm, however, that it was the wind which had caused the accident, and Esther advanced to close the door again.

But the sight that met her eyes almost froze her blood with horror. In his night-clothes, wrapped up in a sheet, a tall, ghastly figure stood rocking to and fro with weakness, his white hair streaming in the wind, his bloodshot eyes with a meaningless glare in them, which yet was ferocious and brutal.

"Good God, sir!" cried Deverel; "this is very imprudent."

"Why have you come down?" asked Esther in terror. "What has happened? It will kill you."

"What odds?" he asked, in a weak, hoarse voice. "The sooner the better. Who wants me? I'm in the way."

They helped him up stairs and into bed, upbraiding the nurse for her neglect in sleeping at her post. Then, when he was quiet again, they stole away and looked at each other with guilty faces.

"This must come to an end," said Deverel. "It's growing dangerous."

"It shall not last much longer."

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In Esther's bedroom there was a quaint old *secretaire* of carved oak, full of odd little drawers and shelves and out-of-the way nooks and corners. When she had locked her door that night she visited the contents of a certain drawer and took from them a small green glass vial.

There were trees growing close to the house-side, by the aid of which a nimble person could easily climb up to the window. The wind was high by this time that there was no fear of the creaking of the branches disturbing the inmate of the room. Most certainly there was a face at the window, and eager eyes watching every movement from round the corner of the blind. But she was unaware of the presence of the spy. And what did he see to repay him for his trouble? He saw her open what seemed to be a secret drawer, and take from it a little bottle. He then saw her take a hair pin out of her hair, and dip its prong into the little bottle. She then laid the hair pin upon her dressing table. And this was all.

The little bottle was put away again. Nothing else happened. A very imaginative person might have tortured this simple incident into something darkly mysterious; but were there any reasonable grounds for such an idea? The sick man's eccentric conduct had no visible effect upon him, either for better or worse, during the next two or three days. But he had greatly changed in his manner. He became restless and suspicious; his eyes followed Esther's every movement with a kind of watchful terror.

Sometimes, when she little suspected it, he half raised himself in bed, and glared at her round the curtain. To Deverel, however, he seemed friendly as ever, though Handsome Jack was not over comfortable in his company. On the third day after his excursion down stairs, Bagshaw had another relapse. The next day he was again much worse, and the doctor was much alarmed.

That evening Esther was in the room when it was time for him to have his medicine. The nurse would have given it to him, as she had done, at his request, for some days past. He had an odd fancy that it should be so. But this time Esther took the medicine glass from the woman's hand when the dose had been poured out.

"There is something in the physic," she said. "Stop a moment, I'll take it out."

For this purpose she used a hair pin, which she took from her hair. As she approached the bed the haggard face, with the wild eyes, sank back behind the shadow of the curtain.

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Next day the patient was much worse. At night Esther found another opportunity of pouring out the medicine. This time the nurse was out of the room, and curiously enough there was again something in the glass which had to be removed. Again the hair-pin was called into request. But as it approached the liquid a hand clutched at her wrist from behind.

The sick man had crawled out of bed, tottering and trembling. He stood there before her, when she turned in terror to meet him, an awful, gaunt and ghastly spectacle.

There was about his face, too, something inexpressibly horrible. His white hair was living about, his lower jaw seemed to have fallen open, and he strove helplessly to articulate, but made only a sort of dreadful bleating noise. She shook off his weak grasp easily, and in a moment flung the contents of the glass into the fire. He, meanwhile, had staggered back and fallen exhausted on the bed. She rang the bell violently, and presently the room was filled with white, frightened faces.

Deverel came forward and asked what was the matter.

"He's mad, I think," she said, and her face wore an expression of mixed fear and loathing.

It seemed as though such were the case, for the sick man was still making the same horrible, unintelligible, brute-like sounds, and he pointed at her with one long naked arm, which trembled like a reed in the wind.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ANTIQUITY OF HORSE RACING.—The antiquity of horse racing, in substantially the same shape which it now wears, is far greater than even racing men of reading and education have been in the habit of supposing. Without following the authors to some treatises upon the turf into their elaborate disquisitions as to the evidences that the Romans, after their subjugation of Britain, brought over their own breed of running horses to those islands, we are justified in believing that horse racing was in vogue among the Saxons, from the fact that Hugh the Great, father of Hugh Capet of France, sent a present to King Athelstan of several German race horses. There is also further evidence that horses, famous for their speed, were transmitted to the monarch from many parts of the continent; and we read that in the year 930 a law was promulgated by him, enacting that no horses should be exported from Great Britain except as royal presents. But the earliest authentic evidence of horse races having been celebrated in that country is furnished by the old chronicler, Fitz-Stephen, who wrote in the reign of Henry II. (1154 to 1189), and who describes what would in these days be designated of the Smithfield meeting of 1168. "The horses," he tells us, "are not without emulation; they tremble and are impatient, and are continually in motion. At last, the signal once given, they start, devour the course, and hurry along with unremitting swiftness. The jockeys, inspired with the thought of applause and the hope of victory, clap spurs to their willing horses, brandish their whips, and cheer them with their cries."

A BLUE BELLE.—A young lady with blue gaiters, blue dress, blue sacque, blue lace collar, blue hat, blue feather, blue parasol, blue fan, blue kid gloves, blue stockings, blue eyes, and turquoise bracelets, necklace and ear rings, attracted attention, recently, it is reported, on one of the Jersey City ferry boats. Sad to relate, on the passage she blew overboard. Her relatives must have had a great fit of the blues.

☞ Read the following:—Holloway's Pills are an irresistible antidote to all complaints engendered by the excessive use of mercury, opium and other paralyzing medicines, instilling new life and vigor into the blood.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 4. Vauxhall in the Bowery.

When the magnates of New Amsterdam parcelled out lots of ground to be disposed of to the honest burghers, concluding to become subjects to their High Mightiness the Company, they reserved for themselves considerable tracts for agricultural purposes, which in imitation of the custom of their Hollandish ancestors they designated as "bowries," which was a palpable corruption of the French term *bouverie* or pasturage lands. Prominent among the farm lands were those of the Bayards, descendants of the famous Chevalier Bayard, of the testy Peter Stuyvesant, the last Governor of the aboriginal Dutch dynasty; and of other aristocratic proprietors who monopolized the dignities of the colony until that fatal day when the armed vessels of Charles of England forced the heroic and doughty Stuyvesant into private life and took possession of his government as representatives of the Royal Duke of York and Albany. The last of the Dutch governors, breathing defiance to the last, although deserted by the remainder of many breeched burghers, planted a couple of cannon before the Stadt House door, and retired to his Bowery, whose confines included that section of the city now known as Union Square, and thereupon planted a row of poplar trees completely hiding from his unwilling view any glimpse of the ungrateful city which had disdained to second the impetuous Peter in his final endeavor to retain it beneath the authority of Old Amsterdam. The English invaders, respecting the obstinacy of the deposed potentate, suffered him to vegetate with his pear trees and poplars in quiet contentment, until carried off by a sudden fever, engendered by high living and aggravated by violent passion, they transferred all that was mortal of Peter the Testy to the quiet church of St. Mark's-in-the-fields, where his virtues are duly commemorated upon a mortuary slab.

The road leading to the Stuyvesant Farm, or, as it was more popularly designated, "the Bowery," became gradually christened, as subsequent generations lost sight of its original meaning, by the name of the farm, and such we know at this late hour the broad thoroughfare, which acquired reputation from being the main connecting link between the Old Post Road, now closed up, and the city limits proper. This post road was the most prominent and best patronized of the colonial improvements, at every it was conveyed the immense mass of internal merchandise required by the suburban settlements, and along it were located many of the most substantial farm houses and orchards, whence our grandfathers drew a supply of agricultural dainties impossible to be obtained by us in equally luscious purity. Our immediate progenitors were hearty apple eaters and still more potent consumers of golden cider.

Fronting upon the Bowery, and running through to Broadway, its main entrance located at a point directly opposite the centre of the triangular park in front of the Cooper Institute, extended the once famous gardens familiarly designated as Vauxhall in the Bowery, an extensive plot of land created apparently in imitation of that world renowned institution, the Vauxhall Gardens of London, which, however, has had the pleasure of surviving a score at least of foreign imitators. A century ago the Vauxhall of the British metropolis, in the decoration of which even the hall of London had become of historic interest, and one of the lions of the town, had been employed, subsequently by the proprietors of our world fashionable pleasure promenade ventured to draw attention to their enterprize by bestowing upon it a sonorous title. Those who could have seen Vauxhall in its palmiest days, may have mistaken it for a counterfeit of its transatlantic original; but as it descended to us somewhat in the sere and yellow leaf, I can only say that from my personal comparison I should consider the old Vauxhall, with its accumulation of rust and rubbish, an Oriental paradise of splendor contrasted by the side of the dreary, disconsolate and trumpery covered domain we were summoned to admire at twenty-five cents the head.

As a garden, Vauxhall presented, beyond a handsome area of open ground in its centre, surrounded with the remnant of once luxuriant forest trees, from whose stinted boughs drooped pendent clusters of many-colored lights, few features of either artificial or natural beauty. There were long avenues of dismally obscured paintings set in green frames, illuminated after nightfall with fitful lamps, which commonly extinguished themselves upon the first discharge of a rain storm, these rigid avenues terminating with some miniature specimen of dramatic scenery, a moonlight view, a hermit's cave, or other attempt at producing a startling effect. Then again there were alleys of Chinese lanterns, flying dragons, and samples of the illuminating art as practiced by the children of the brother to the moon. But it was to the frequent recurrence of little latticed bowers, sentry boxes, half concealed from sight by foliage, in the heart of which stood round tables, with attendant chairs, that Vauxhall owed its chief attraction, especially upon the summer nights. It was in these little cabins that was associated to ice creams and warm vows, that the maidens of the Eastern side of the town, the daughters of well to do mechanics and substantial traders, preferred to lounge with their gallant admirers; slalwart, lusty, and irascible lovers.

Indeed, there was a class of masculines who aspired to the control of these love bowers, and partially succeeded in their task to the temporary discredit of the gardens and their subsequent desertion as a fashionable resort. The "Bowery Boys" were generally employed in the numerous slaughter houses with which the streets intersecting the main artery were profusely ornamented, who insisted upon maintenance of a vain swagger and of an uncouth demeanor, rarely failing to disconcert the nerves of those with whom they chanced to come in contact. Having selected the Fire Department as a field of auxiliary action, or rather having forced themselves upon the members of particular companies as unrecognized assistants, these young men, almost social outlaws, rendered night hideous by a constant succession of disorders and affrays. Contagion of vicious imitation bestowed upon these presumptive knights of the cleaver a reputation for unruliness and cruelty which, culminating in distinctive notoriety, rather augmented than decreased a class of disorderlies who had the effrontery to brave public contempt by assuming a peculiar attire and language totally at variance with established notions of propriety.

The invasion of the Vauxhall by these Bowery Boys, who generally assisted as *cavaliers servientes* to a lower grade of the Aspasias and Ninons de l'Enclos of our not over moral town, proved as disastrous for the original inhabitants as did the forays of the Goth and the Vandal upon the plains of Italy. The love bowers were deserted in a trice; ice creams and lemonades gave place to stronger beverages, and the strains of gentle music, discoursed by a band of sable melodists, fell with insignificant effect upon loving hearts, unable to comprehend such tasteless food.

At this precise juncture the star of Niblo appeared above the horizon, and the effect was electrical. Vauxhall waned in even additionable popularity, as, shorn of its fair proportions, its ancient limits became more and more circumscribed. A newly projected street, designed to become the abode of the local aristocracy, now that "above Bleeckerdom" assumed to appear the realm of fashion, rudely cleft the territory of Vauxhall into destructive segments, and then, as a final blow against its popularity, a magnificent amphitheatre, tenanted by an improved troupe, came to establish itself upon the most eligible spot of the reserved dominion. It was a cruel blow to the stability of Vauxhall, but Cooke's Royal Amphitheatre, modelled greatly after the style of Ducrow's mausoleum, upon the summit of which a winged Pegasus announced the wind's variations, remained in sullen mastery over the usurped domain until an avenging conflagration prostrated the proud amphitheatre, Pegasus, wings and all.

Although Vauxhall is emphatically a thing of the past, its very locality scarce treasured in the minds of even old stagers, there are a number of bright spots in its chequered career which fail not to evoke expressions of regret that scenes so delightful have had so short a duration—passing as meteors across a darkened sky. As a matter of course Vauxhall boasted an aeronaut, for a public garden without a balloon would be as great an anomaly as the theatre without an orchestra. The balloonist was a Frenchman by the singular name of Robertson, a capable engineer and an enthusiast upon the subject of aerial navigation, composing and publishing many schemes to show the feasibility of air vessels and their applicability to war purposes. Not content with his excursions in mid air, this ingenious exhibitor employed the saloon—for Vauxhall boasted a concert hall and temporary theatre, upon the stage of which young ladies of questionable grace sang love ditties to the accompaniment of a pi

SAD CATASTROPHE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

John Jenkins courted Susie Bayne,
But for her favour *sued* in vain:
For, though a most devoted lover,
His fond entreaties could not move her;
To wed him she was not inclined—
Her *suitor* did not *suit her* mind;
But though his presence she eschewed
Yet he the damsel still pursued,
Often repelled, he yet essayed
To press his *suit*, although the maid
Assured him 'twas in vain to woo,
And still continued he to *sue*.
At length, unable to elude him,
To rid herself of him she *sued* him;
He, with his lot dissatisfied,
Straightway committed suicide!

CALISTOGA.

A Week's Sporting in the Valleys and Highlands of Napa.

BY ROBERT F. GREELEY.

It was a fine morning in the early Spring—"the May of life, and in the month of May," as Longfellow has it—when I stepped on board the steamer for Napa, bound for an excursion up that delightful valley and across the hills to the Geysers. After some weeks of variable weather the sun had resumed his sway, and the air was balmy with the scent of wild flowers and clover blossoms. The sky was without a cloud, the distant hills stood crisply out, and as we passed the frowning embrasures of Alcatraz and the grassy slopes of Sagel Island, the walls of the fort, each tree and shrub, the very hulls and sails of the innumerable vessels coming and going, were mirrored in the cool and glassy depths of the tranquil bay. Clumsy pelicans flapped their wings within pistol shot of the steamer, an occasional seal poked his nose out of the water to breathe, the surface was covered by myriads of wild fowl, and now and then a white seabird, sighting its victim-fish, pounced down upon it with a splash that sent schools of perch and shiners glistening in dismay through the transparent depths. Passing on the right the shady groves of Mariners, and to the left the gloomy walls of the State Prison at San Quentin, we soon came in sight of Benicia—memorable for the early exploits of Hoenan—where the Navy Yard is located, and found ourselves gliding past the Government works of Mare Island and Vallejo. Passing up Napa river, we came to Suscol, where the grapes grow so luxuriantly, and were shortly serpentining our way amid the countless sinuosities of the creek. On either side were cultivated farms and gardens, elegant country seats, and groves of redundant foliage, the stream being so narrow that, sitting on the deck beneath the broad awning, it seemed as though we were quietly gliding across the fields. That night the well aired sheets of one of the best hotels in the country received us, and even the proceedings of a political meeting which was being held almost beneath my window failed to enchain my attention.

Napa is a populous and thrifty little town, with a handsome brick court-house, an elegant hotel, a public school, several churches, newspapers, and innumerable stores, or shops. It is usually, to outward appearances, a dull and thriftless place, but the statistics which here, as is the case with every town or district in California, are published annually, lead to a very different inference. The Valley is some thirty miles in extent, the people about Clear Lake making it their point of trade. The Valley is narrow, but the soil is rich and highly productive. Napa Valley is deservedly celebrated for its immense crops of wheat and its extensive orchards of fruit trees, among which those of Suscol are especially luxuriant. The apples, grapes, and pears of Suscol are renowned throughout the west coast and islands of the Pacific.

It is hardly to be wondered that the early pioneers (which term I use to designate the hardy race of hunters and trappers who have in times past made the most inaccessible retreats in the American wilderness their abiding place) were so fascinated by the attractions with which Nature had surrounded their mountain homes, as to find it impossible to abandon them until what they regarded as the too near encroachments of civilization deprived the solitudes in which they had so long held sway, and induced them to remove once more beyond the sounds of forge and factory. Many such scenes of beauty has my eye rested upon ere now; but never, perhaps, with emotions more vivid than those I experienced on visiting Childs' Canon—a narrow pass among the Napa hills some seventy-five miles in a northerly direction from San Francisco, and distant some twenty miles from the town of Napa; being just far enough removed from the bustle of civilization to suggest ideas of the primitive wilderness and of the kind of life in which heroes of the "Leather Stocking" order passed their days. Our own *debut* upon this new theatre of our traveling experiences (we were a party of five, and two were ladies,) was not in strict accordance with the established modes of backwoods travel, being made neither on muleback nor on foot; nor had we even a covered van or "prairie ship," like those in which so many crossed the plains, to keep up the romantic aspect of the journey. We entered the canon, sooth to say, by means of a carriage, constructed somewhat upon the principle of Noah's Ark, and well adapted to the wants of an amateur family of excursionists who had, in that wonderful machine, made the passage of the valley, and who expected to consume several days in constant travel—among the contemplated incidents of which a night's camping-out was not a remote contingency. In this primitive vehicle we were trundled through the sweet Vale of Napa, which contains not only some of the finest landscapes, but also several of the most opulent farms in the State. A prominent object of attraction, after leaving Napa City, is the celebrated "Oak Knoll Plantation" of Mr. J. W. Osborne, where is raised much of the superior fruit that stocks the markets of San Francisco.

Our path was crossed by incredible quantities of game, although it is not until September that the sporting season is fairly inaugurated. Nature has never been more prolific of her gifts than in California. Forest, valley and meadow teem with game of every description, and hither expeditions are fitted out on a scale commensurate with the character of the game to be sought. Then woe to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field! The lordly grizzly stands a poor chance for life among so many hunters, and slinks away at the sound of his adversary's footsteps. Wherever elk or antelope may be seen his course is followed with an energy that rarely fails to make him bite the dust. The California hunter lives upon what Jack would call "dashings of grub;" all the delicacies of the season are at his disposal if he but seek them. When nature has robed the landscape in her mantle of richest verdure, and the summer drouths are over, the antlered tribe are out in herds upon the hills, and the air is dark with the feathered varieties. Among the favorite pastimes of the interior, partridge shooting occupies a prominent place. This much prized bird, which is a common inhabitant of North America, is especially abundant in California. The male of this bird (the "ortyx plumifero," or plumed partridge, of Gould) has a black plume two inches in length, projecting forward; its head neck and back are bluish gray; band of white on each; throat, chestnut; rump, reddish brown; breast, chestnut, with black and white band. The female is of a color less bright and her plumes are much smaller. There are also other varieties, among which the "welcome partridge," predominant colors, olive and brown; the "ortyx California" and "ortyx picta," of Douglass. These birds congregate in vast flocks from October to March, during which they seem to live in a perpetual warfare. The voice is, "quick, quick, quick," with a gentle pause between each syllable. Their favorite haunts are dry uplands, or undulating, gravelly or sandy soils, or open woods and coppice, thickets of the interior, migrating in winter to more temperate places in the vicinity of the ocean. Nests built in thickets along the ground.

Our pouches and game bags were lined in an incredibly short space of time, you may be sure, and we dined off a dinner that would have made a meal for a wealthy epicure, beneath the arching groves of an estate belonging to a gentleman farmer to whom we had a letter. The entire valley is lined with flourishing farming estates, the proprietors of some of which are almost millionaires. Some eight or ten miles from Napa City is Yountville, or Sebastopol, (often confounded with another Sebastopol in an adjoining county), founded by the veteran pioneer and trapper, Colonel Yount, who has himself one of the finest estates in the valley. We paused at the abode in which the Colonel still makes his ducking, and were fortunate enough to find the pioneer at home.

Nothing could be more picturesque or more romantic than this cottage in the wilderness. The dwelling is plain enough in itself, and from the thickness of its walls, would serve very well for a fort, but all the asperities have been softened and toned down by a liberal coating of whitewash, and the whole front hangs a magnificent vine loaded with creeping roses, through which the sunlight fell in squares and diamonds upon the clean tiled pavement beneath.

The Colonel had been an Indian fighter and a companion of Kit Carsen at Santa Fe, and entertained us over some wine of his own manufacture, and some fruits of his own raising, with harrowing accounts of his old campaigns, and of one in particular, in which he was besieged with several of his comrades for one whole week in the abode just mentioned, by a tribe of Indians known as the Cayuse, whom he afterwards took under his protection, and whose ranchero still exists within hail of his dwelling.

Colonel Yount is a man of the middle size, sinewy and stout in build, with a fine classical head and intelligent features, and is, in many respects, a counterpart of Sam Houston. (The Colonel is since dead, I have learned). A mile or two further on we visited Colonel Yount's model dairies, comprised within a spacious brick building, superior in exterior finish to that occupied by the Colonel's family. The cool atmosphere of this dairy was a refreshing relief from the sultriness of the road, and the buttermilk we drank was more delicious than nectar. Before departing we inspected the *rancheria*, and were afforded the diversion of seeing the *vaqueros* lasso wild cattle—a feat which they perform with the most remarkable dexterity and grace. In the centre of this *rancher ia* is a round stone hut which answers the purpose of a vapor bath or sweat-house, to which the Indians retire when afflicted by fatigue or disease.

A few hours after leaving Yount's we were toiling laboriously up the stormy defiles of Conn's Creek. The narrow dell we were exploring presented a thousand features of romantic interest as we proceeded. In one spot, far from other human habitation, a solitary herdsman had reared his cabin, and was swinging in his hammock as we approached—a modern Robinson Crusoe in the midst of his paradise. His solitude could hardly have been more complete had he really been in the heart of a desert island, like his prototype, the castaway. To aid the illusion, a parrot swung on a perch near by, and a couple of shaggy dogs were lying on the ground, neither of which offered a growl by way of salutation or repulsion. On the adjacent hill slope a herd of sheep were browsing, and a small garden patch close by the cabin exhibited the manner in which the proprietor passed a portion of his time.

The path we were following was so rough that the vehicle advanced by a series of bounds and jerks. At times and for considerable distances, it wound along the verge of a mountain brook, so perfectly clear and transparent that every pebble and grain of sand loomed up distinctly through the almost invisible element, and even the wary trout might be seen with noses projecting from their cool hiding places under some mossy rock. Through scenery like this we urged our toiling animals forward, the way becoming every moment more uneven, diverging into sheep paths, and at times appearing to lose itself altogether in the tangled shrubbery. The purling music of Conn's Creek died away at last upon our ears; the vehicle or ark made huge plungings and lurches fore and aft, and occasionally a side long rolling motion, like that of a storm vexed vessel at sea; the brook grew more boisterous and serpentine, and the "road," which looked as though a deluge had passed over it, ran along the hillside at some considerable elevation above the stream. About five miles above the entrance to the canon the ark of safety was temporarily abandoned, and the horses were turned loose to pasture in a green clover spread that took until our return.

Equipping ourselves now with rods and tackle for the mountain's guns, and proceeded to traverse the headwaters of Napa river in search of those finny treasures which amateurs so often anticipate but so seldom enjoy. Our party were diversely, but picturesquely, attired, although the style of costume in which they were arrayed might not have comported with the ideas of a Parisian modiste. So neither might those gnarled and twisted trees, that here formed such conspicuous features in the scenery, have contrasted favorably with the well trimmed shrubbery of a nobleman's park, if transplanted thither out of their natural setting of rugged hills and canons; but the sleek arborescence of Versailles would assuredly be as ill-suited to the pristine grandeur of these ever-verdant wilds, where Nature reigns in all her primeval splendor. A few years since none but the trapper and hunter, or the roving Indian, had penetrated these glens in which our city party of five now paused to hearken to the roar of the waterfall, tumbling into its concealed basin within the cavities of the rocks beneath us.

Creeping to the edge, I gazed down into the pool. Its glassy depths were so clear that the minutest objects might be seen below more distinctly than if no water veil intervened. There was a slope of rock, covered with water plants of every brilliant hue —a vast aquarium in which Nature pursued her manifold operations before the eye of the unscientific gaze with so little mystification that no tedious treatises, replete with technicalities of the schools, were needed to unravel them. One there might see the manner in which the insect world pursued its prey, and might even *feel* it, if not insensible to the pressing attentions of gnats and mosquitoes. Shoals of brook trout and "shiners" were darting hither and thither, or balancing themselves in the transparent depths, as birds poise themselves on the wing in mid air, apparently half asleep, but, suddenly pouncing upon unwary worm or fly, unexpectant of such reception. Here and there among the plants crawled a bright lizard, nearly flame colored, with huge mouth, offering inviting prospect to the smaller creatures that inhabited the pool—a fine opening for a smart young fish. All were exceedingly busy—fish, lizard, and insect, in the same engrossing pursuit of hunting for prey, and I dare say the plants were similarly engaged with their myriad invisible receivers—a strange epitome of human life, only that in the latter case the animals prey upon their own species. I had imbibed, before I was aware of it, the same cruel disposition, and, putting an insect upon a hook, lowered the tempting bait to within a few hairs of the nose—if he *had* a nose, of the devouring creature of amphibious instincts that, from where I lay concealed, appeared all mouth. In another moment I held him aloft in triumph, sprawling out his queer legs, and seeming very much astonished that so little a bug as that could lift out of the water so gigantic a reptile. Just so the Old Boy angles for victims, substituting a pretty woman or a handsome bank account in place of an insect. But I'm afaid he does not always allow his prize to go free again as I did mine. By a sort of compensatory arrangement of Providence, we were soon after near falling victims to a brace of wild Spanish cattle, which came tearing down the defile, and sighting the red shirts we had drawn over our ordinary costume, immediately made for us with lowered horns as sharp as spears. The feats of the bull ring were cast into the shade by the alacrity with which we two (our third—the "Judge," had remained at a more accessible spot to take care of the ladies and prepare dinner,) scrambled into the friendly embraces of a mariaanita tree.

An hour had passed and the grass was covered with our scaly trophies, when the "Major" (my comrade) raised his finger as he turned his ear to listen. "A deer!" he said; "what a fortunate thing we brought our rifles." The native boy who attracted us was on the *alerte;* he had recognized the sounds also. Crawling on hands and knees through the rank undergrowth, we presently came in sight of our anticipated prey. The breeze was blowing down the defile, which favored our chances. A moment of suspense, during which the beautiful animal raised his head and opened his great eyes full upon us, the simultaneous discharge of a couple of rifles, a bound, a splash in the water, a struggle with the dogs, and the game was ours.

The *muchacho* had skinned and divided the carcase in less time than it took to circumvent the deer, and in a few moments, having gathered our fish, we were trudging it merrily back to camp. As we neared the point of land behind which it was hidden, a trio of silvery laughs awoke the echoes. The Major winked, and we stepped on tiptoe to the spot just in time to see, from behind the bush, our young companions, who had taken off their shoes and stockings for the purpose of paddling in the brook. A shout from our side elicited a trio of shrill screams, and the girls disappeared; and I take my friend Judge Hunniwell to witness, that the time they made in regaining camp was nearly the fastest upon record in the pedestrian line, which, in this case, was a *clothes* line.

After supper we reconvened at a ranch of rude appearance but hospitable interior, the owner of which had vacated it for us by prior arrangement; and a break-down, after the most approved style of "old Virginny," concluded that day's entertainment.

OLD DRURY,

AND

Some of its Bygone Associations.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY A FORMER DENIZEN OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

About Drury Lane Theatre, in London, there are many associations apart from its stage, but which, notwithstanding, go towards the completeness of its history. For example, opposite to it in Little Russell street, is (or was until late years) the famous "Harp" Tavern, where for upwards of a quarter of a century a dramatic agency transacted its business; while in the house itself, professionals on the move or waiting for engagements through the instrumentality of the "institution" on the second floor, were boarded, lodged and made merry. I use the word advisedly: than the poor English actor there is no merrier creature in existence; even when outside the smile of fortune he will present a jovial countenance, tell funny stories, sing blithesome songs—in short, appear like a man who never knew trouble in all his days.

The records of this "Harp" tavern would be most interesting if published in a book, while they well might be, showing, among a multitude of other things, how many have been the professionals, male and female, who visited there in poverty and uncertainty, and sometimes waited news from the agent with all the acute anxiety, while none have so much as those who have to struggle for their daily bread; how many of these, we say, who eventually became shining lights at the big building on the opposite side of the street. There, too, have the amateur aspirants to dramatic glory shown themselves, and many a lover of the theatre, apart from any ambition to tread its boards.

There are, I might say, a hundred places in the neighborhood, which have a historical connection with Old Drury—not a few to be discovered in the streets and courts close by, where actors and actresses, celebrated in their day, resided; in the church in which a gifted actress was shot at by a maniac lover, and in which, too, another actress, elevated to the rank of nobility through her marriage, ever afterwards worshiped on the Sabbath with her husband; in the old few watch-houses where the "bloods" of the era, after a night at the theatre and a fight with the "jarvies," were locked up: in a densely filled grave yard where, in divers actors, wont to "set the table in a roar," have long reposed, "sans eyes, sans teeth, sans smell, sans taste, sans everything."

But to the theatre itself, which, unlike most of the other London theatres, can count more than sixty years since its latest erection. Historic is its stage, and historic, too, are many of the rooms beneath its roof. There is one that is especially so, and to that I will confine myself. It is a room which in its day was appropriated to the reigning member of the company, or the "star." There George Frederick Cooke, Edmund Kean, William Macready, and Mrs. Jordan prepared themselves for the scene among the former; Malibran, Forrest, Taglioni, and a host of others, among the latter.

It was not there that the elder Kean dressed on the night of his London *debut*—no; he was then a poor man, who had everything to win, and on whom the governing powers of the theatre, with the well paid and lucky members of the company, looked down with contumely; but it *was* there, he arrayed himself in later times, when fame had claimed him as her own, and wealth had poured into his coffers.

It is, however, in connection with an occupancy of this apartment, different from that of Kean, that I shall have to say something. For the purpose of doing this I must go back very many years, when those who are our old men and women now, were children, and the existing Drury Lane Theatre had passed little more than its first decade.

It was in the year 1816, and Mrs Jordan, the Queen of comedy, after a long reign, was about, not only to quit her profession, but her country also. As the readers of the CLIPPER doubtless know, Mrs. Jordan had long been the mistress of the Duke of Clarence, third son of King George the Third, and afterwards King himself, under the title of William the Fourth. She would have been his wife, had the law allowed—his wife in fact, I mean in everything save the name—faith, affection, and the maternity and careful rearing of his children, she was so.

State reasons had dictated that the Duke should marry some foreign Princess, whom he subsequently found in the amiable woman known as Duchess of Clarence, and Queen Adelaide. As a preliminary to this marriage, the departure from England, *for ever*, of poor Mrs. Jordan was counselled; and she consented to the expatriation for the sake of her children. Soon after she had given her promise in this respect, she parted with those children, and a day or two subsequently, with the Duke. Among her children was a boy named Frederick, who in after life rose to high military rank and command in India. He was a fine, manly fellow, and perhaps was his mother's favorite. It was this boy, who, desiring to have (if the expression is allowable) another final look of his departing parent, visited her in the dressing room in Old Drury the last night of her appearance on the stage. The reader may well imagine the tenderness of this really final interview between mother and son.

Years passed. The old, blind king, George the Third, had died, his eldest son, for a long time past Regent, succeeding him. Then came the Duke of Clarence, an old man with a white head, raising, among many memories, that of the highly gifted and faithful woman who had borne him ten children, and for the past few years had been slumbering in a graveyard at Boulogne-sur-Mer, in France. Meanwhile, the son, Frederick Fitzclarence, had been elevated to the rank of nobility, along with his brothers and sisters, and to the military rank of a Major General.

Alfred Bunn was then manager of Drury Lane Theatre, and the old king, on a certain night, paid a state visit to the establishment, accompanied by his consort, and attended by the members of his court. Lord Frederick Fitzclarence had been appointed one of the equerries of his father, and, to being his term, he was in attendance on the king on the evening in question. Latterly, the room in which Mrs. Jordan and other celebrities of the profession had dressed, had been transferred to other purposes, and at the date in question Bunn himself occupied it as his own. He was very busy that evening, but during a lull of excitement and action he noticed Lord Frederick Fitzclarence approaching him at a measured pace, and with a very serious expression of countenance.

"Bunn," said his lordship, "I have a favor to ask you. It is that you will take me into your room to-night. I wish to have a look at it—for what reason, you shall know soon; that is, if you grant my request."

Of course, a ready acquiescence was vouchsafed, and the two gentlemen entered the apartment. No sooner there, however, than Lord Frederick manifested internal emotion, looked anxiously about him, drew his hand over his eyes, rose from his chair and paced the floor. Bunn could not fathom the cause of this strange conduct, but he was not long unenlighted on the subject.

"I will tell you why I asked to be brought here to-night," commenced Lord Frederick. "It is because this was my mother's room in days long since passed, and because it was here that I parted with her on the eve of her quitting England forever. I was a boy then, and did not wear these gew gaws (alluding to the several jewelled decorations of knighthood which he wore on the left breast of his splendid uniform). "That night! how well do I remember it! my poor mother, too! I have never been here since, until this night, and I shall never come again!" Then, with a look which could not be described, the gallant fellow, the true son, the genuine noble, in heart as well as name, quitted the apartment, followed by the manager, who, in a book he afterwards wrote, made proper mention of the fact—testifying to its touching sincerity, in contradistinction of many other acts, of an opposite complexion, which he, in his association with large theatres and many people, had witnessed.

FIGHT WITH A PANTHER.—A panther was killed recently at Cherchel, a province of Algiers, by a colonist named Charbonnier. This last was aroused at night by hearing the discharge of two shots from guns connected with wire stretched around the premises. Thinking that thieves were endeavoring to effect an entrance, he went out with a friend, M. Bion, and a servant, named Ali, each carrying a gun. At a short distance from the house they saw two eyes glaring at them from some bushes. M. Bion discharged his gun in that direction, and an animal of some sort, which could not be distinguished in consequence of the darkness of the night, was seen stealing away. The servant Ali, thinking it was a boar, rushed after it, and caught it by the leg, but immediately after cried out that he was lost, as it was a panther. The beast turned on the servant and seized him in its claws, but M. Charbonnier advanced, and firing point blank at the animal, stretched it dead at his feet. It turned out to be a panther, as the man had said, and a fine specimen, three or four years old. The flesh was eaten by the Arabs, who, with all our differences we never fall out."

HAPPINESS cannot rest till it has created for itself a claim to happiness; therefore it is a truth that whoever esteems himself is esteemed of others.

AS THE weather within doors is always the first subject of remark, so in the open air beautiful nature is the luck-penny and savings bank of conversation.

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.—A few ideas of our own will save us from being too sensible to external impressions, as a light in our room makes lightning less blinding.

BON-MOT.—"I am just in time for dinner," said Lord Noodle, "if the clocks agree." "How can they agree," rejoined a friend, "since they are always striking?"

THE overburdened man scarcely has the desire to love, far less the time. We always love and seek things at the expense of persons; and the man who works too much must love too little.

DEATH OF BRISTOL JACK.—The London, Eng., sporting papers announce the decease of Jack Candell, better known as "Bristol Jack," at Westburg, on April 11th, the immediate cause being the bursting of a blood vessel.

VELOCIPEDES, with steel wheels, are now extensively used in Paris as a means of locomotion. At night, lanterns are attached to the front, so as to give warning of the approach of the traveler.

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs, Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHY is a married lady's conversation eminently proper? Because it is impossible for her to make a Miss-use of language.

WHAT vote the manager of a theatre always has. The "casting" vote.

WHAT State would you be reminded of if you were taken sick in an iron boiler maker's shop? Ill in noise.

WHAT is often found where it is not? Fault.

WHY is an umbrella like a tired man? Because it is used up.

WHEN was beef-tea first made? When Henry VIII dissolved the Pope's bull.

A BAD SIGN—to sign another man's name to a note.

KEEPING a billiard saloon is a penal offence by the laws of Ohio. Where did they get the cue for that law?

MERRY MOMENTS.

A RASCALLY old bachelor says the most difficult surgical operation in the world is to take the jaw out of a woman.

THEY say that in Smoky Pittsburg men kiss each other's wives, and are able to tell which is their own only by the taste

A MUSICAL genius out West has composed a Ku Klux waltz, which, it is suggested, is peculiarly adapted to a "dance upon nothing."

AN ENGLISH RAREBIT.—An Englishman has invented a machine which surpasses any invention of Yankee origin. At the mouth of the machine you insert a rabbit, and after five moments it turns out a giblet and a black hat.

"DANDY JIM'S" PEDIGREE.—The once popular melody known as "Dandy Jim" was originally an Italian air, doing service in high mass in Italian churches.

MONARCHICAL SALARIES.—Louis Napoleon receives as salary $14,240 per day; Queen Victoria, $6,027; Francis Joseph, $10,950, and the King of Russia, $8,210.

AN ASS-TONISHING RETORT.—"I am like Balaam," said a dandy on meeting a pretty girl in a narrow passage, "stopped by an angel." "So am I," said she, "for I am accosted by an ass."

"WHAT brought you to prison, my colored friend?" "Two constables, sah." "Yes, but I mean had intemperance anything to do with it?" "Yes sah, dey was bofe of 'em drunk."

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—A Michigan father having exhausted the classics by giving eleven children such names as Chrytemas, Andromeda, Epaminondas, Epaphroditus, etc., has named the twelfth Wendell Phillips.

A LITTLE girl of three years was saying her prayers not long since, when her little brother, about four years old, came slyly behind and pulled her hair. Without moving her head she paused and said: "Please, Lord, excuse me a minute while I kick Herby."

AN INVISIBLE ANTAGONIST.—A Gascon officer, who was present at a skirmish, fired a pistol at one of the enemy, and afterwards boasted that he had killed him. "That can't be," said another; "for not a man was left on the field." "Pooh!" said the Gascon; "don't you see, I must have blown him to atoms!"

HE SAID, SAID HE.—"Double or *quits*," as the policeman said, when he gave chase to a thief....."Taken for *granted*," said Jones, when he found his pocket picked....."That will do capitally," said the swindler, as he placed a forged check in his pocket....."That's a *pretty* go," said the husband when his *beautiful* wife ran away from him.

A CANDID REMARK.—Some of the mysteries of the candy and confection making business are hinted at in the following notice to "confectioners," published in a London paper:—"To be sold cheap, several cwt. of orange peel, in good condition; the advertiser having the contract for the sweepings of all the metropolitan theatres and places of amusement, is in a position to treat for it on unusually advantageous terms Address——"

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A certain clerk in an Eastern village recently made the following comment on Pocahontas. Said he, "Pocahontas was a great man—Pocahontas was a noble, kind-hearted and true man." "Hold on," cried his companion, "Pocahontas was a *woman*." "She was, eh!" said he "well, that's just my luck; how am I expected to know; I never read the Bible!"

SLEEP.—No man should sleep less than six hours out of the four-and-twenty—none in the enjoyment of health more than eight. Every hour devoted to sleep before midnight is so much gain of natural advantages, which have less influence after that time, as we then begin to "scent the morning air," and lose the benefit of that state of the atmosphere which the total absence of the sun creates. All nature sleeps at night, and so should man.

PRETTY OLD.—"How do you do, old Russell?" "Come, now," says Major Ben, "I'll not take that from you—not a bit of it; you are as old as I am this minute." "Upon my word," says Mr. Busby, "you are my senior by at least ten years." "Not at all, friend Busby; and if you please we will determine this question very soon. Just tell me, what is the first thing you can recollect?" "Well, the first thing I recollect," said Mr. Busby, "was hearing people saying: 'There goes old Ben Russell!'"

A DUTCHMAN'S LOGIC.—A tavern keeper in one of the small towns of Wisconsin employed an honest old German blacksmith to do a certain job, for which he paid cash at once. Afterwards a neighbor got a similar job done *on credit*, for a less price. Upon being asked the reason, the blacksmith replied: "You see I have zo much sharge on my book, and I sometimes loose 'em; and zo, ven I have a good cash customer, I sharge a good price; but ven I puts it on my book, I do not like to sharge zo much, zo if I never pays 'em, I no lose so much."

FELT SATISFIED.—A railroad engineer, at Harrisburg, having been discharged, applied to be reinstated. "You are dismissed," said the superintendent austerely, "for letting your train come twice into collision." "The very reason," said the other quietly, interrupting, "why I ask to be restored." "How so?" "Why, sir, if I had any doubt before as to whether two trains can pass each other on the same track, I am now entirely satisfied; I have tried it twice, sir, and it can't be done, and I am not likely to try it again." He regained the situation.

WONDERFUL.—"Mister, wot's that there cart, with a barrel on it for, a spillin' water all over the street, a makin' it muddy?"—"That? why, that's a patent thunder cloud." "A what?" "Why, a patent rain storm. The City Council goes up in a balloon, ties a rope round the first good sized cloud that comes to, hauls it down, and puts it into that barrel, and it showers out itself, and don't waste so much as when it falls from the sky." "No, you don't say so!" "Yes, they make ice out of them clouds, too." "No, do they?" "Why, they want a ton of ice, they puts a cloud in a coal pit, when it immediately becomes *coaled*" (cold). "That'll do; thank'ee."

CHANGE OF BASE.—Some years since a prominent business man of Northampton, Mass., who began to "sow his wild oats" when a boy, and hasn't got through yet, attended a colored ball at a house on Market street, in that town. After each "breakdown" he noticed that a well near the house, which, by the way, was not a deep one, was resorted to by the men to quench their thirst. Unobserved, while the dance was going on, he slipped out of the house and moved the curb a few feet beyond the well, and then waited the result. Presently, out came one of the dancers, and plump to the bottom of the well he went. Blowing and puffing he came to the top, and exclaimed: "By gorry! who's moved dis well since I'se out here last?"

BREVITIES.

THE more we speak of ourselves in superlatives, the more will others speak of us in diminutives.

WAITING for a railroad train is only less tedious and annoying than waiting for a train of thought.

PIGEONS are beautiful in the air, but most people prefer them with a steak under and crust over them.

To most men, any other park looks kindlier and smiles more sweetly than a sulphurous park of artillery.

MANY go up in grand balloons of inventive daring, and come very suddenly down in parachutes of the same.

THE best way of raising money is by the lever of Industry The griping miser raises his by screw power.

IT is difficult to say to what sorts of ears Fame most loves to blow her trumpet—whether to deaf ears or to long ones.

A MAN who can govern himself and his wife and chil'd, has got as far as the rule of three in the matrimonial arithmetic.

LOVE.—Love grows best among troubles; as trees are best transplanted in clouded weather.

THE winds sweep, the waves wash, the clouds weave, and the planets spin. A good housewife does all these.

BOLDNESS, tempered with reason, in a man is good. Boldness in a woman, temper it as you will, is unbearable

COURTIER.—Courtiers behave like good boatmen, who, as soon as one side of their boat sinks, hang over the other.

MR. NOGGS, speaking of a blind wood sawyer, says, "While none ever saw him see, thousands have seen him saw."

MEMORY.—The shadowy remembrance lasts longer than the real enjoyment. Flowers may be kept for years, but not fruits.

SELF-PRAISE.—A man may talk of his past deeds or sufferings, but may not of his present ones. A hero may show his scars.

MR. TOMKINS considers that a briefless barrister ought never to be blamed, "for it is decidedly wrong to abuse a man without a cause."

THE darkest scene we ever saw was a darkey in a dark cellar with an extinguished candle, looking for a black cat that wasn't there.

NEVER meet trouble half-way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains. Perhaps he will give up his visit in sight of your house.

REFLECTION is a flower of the mind, giving out wholesome fragrance; reverie is the same flower, when weak and running to seed.

GREAT principals are at the bottom of all things; but to apply them to daily life, many little rules, precautions, and incidents are needed.

IN some couples you may see by mere inspection the number of their conflagrations and eruptions, as in Vesuvius you can discover his.

DIGNITY is better than much familiarity. In the coolness which it imposes, it is always, like water in freezing, somewhat elevated.

CONSCIENCE.—The wounds of conscience never cicatrize; the wings of time himself do not cool them, his scythe only opens them the wider.

FRANKNESS.—Frank simplicity rather diminishes a man's character for talent, as a straight road never seems so long as a crooked one.

THE EMPEROR Constantine the Great said his life was something more honorable than that of a shepherd, but much more troublesome.

"DO YOU think that baldness is a remedy for grief?" was the question put to a man who by handfuls pulled his hair off his head for sorrow.

A HORRIBLE reprobate was lately arrested for flogging a woman, and excused the act by saying that he was near sighted, and thought it was his wife!

A GRAVE friend of ours tells us that he and his wife always go to bed, in the morning. And, he adds, with all our differences

BASE BALL.

FIELD DAY OF THE ATLANTIC CLUB.

The Union Ground, Williamsburgh, L. I., was the scene of considerable excitement on Saturday afternoon, the 4th inst., May 4. The occasion was the initial effort of the ex-champion Atlantics, and the crowd was mostly composed of members and friends of the club, with a sprinkling of prominent ball players. The day was pleasant and just suited to out-door exercise, although the ground was not in tip-top order. It was half past three o'clock before operations were commenced, but six of the nine being present. Smith, Crane and Pratt were not on hand, and this caused some disappointment. Now, Pratt was not expected, he being in Philadelphia—but there was no reason for the absence of the other two. So Webber, Macdonald and Kenney were put in to fill up; Smith, who came on the field during the seventh innings, taking the former's place. The field nine was composed of Union, Mutual, Star, Atlantic, Mohawk and Excelsior players, and was very strong individually, but did not work together smoothly as a whole. A mistake was made in putting Clyne, who is an out-fielder, at short, and Martin, who is an in-fielder, in the outer field. With this difference, the nine was very well placed. McCrea, as pitcher, surprised everybody, and if he had been well supported in the field, there would not have been such a discrepancy in the score. The nine showed signs of rustiness, while the field were quite at home, most of them having handled the ball in previous practice games. Still, the Atlantics seemed to have an easy time of it; and after the first innings had it all their own way. Some pretty play was shown on both sides, which called forth frequent applause. Macdonald made a pretty running catch, as also did Pike. Macdiarmid made a handsome one-hand catch, while Shelley, at third, made some pretty stops and accurate throws. At the conclusion of the game a feast of chowder and flow of lager were indulged in by the Atlantics and their friends. The following is the score:—

ATLANTIC.	H.	L.	R.	FIELD.	H.	L.	R.
Start, 1st b	2		3	Pike, l f	3		2
Zettein, p	6		1	Shelly, 3d b	2		1
Mills, c	5		4	Tracy, r f	3		1
Chapman, l f	4		3	Macdiarmid, 2d b	2		5
Pearce, s s	3		4	Birdsall, c	3		3
Macdonald, c f	2		3	Clyne, s s	3		1
Keaney, 2d b	2		4	Martin, c f	2		2
Ferguson, 3d b	3		3	McCrea, p	4		4
Smith, r f	2		5	Regan, 1st b	2		2
Total	31			Total	26		12

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Atlantic	1	6	5	0	2	0	5	5	7	—31
Field	5	1	0	3	1	0	1	1	0	—12

Fly catches—Atlantic, 9; Field, 11. Out on fouls—Atlantic, 7; Field 5. Umpire—Mr. Powers, of the Exercise Club. Scorers—Messrs. Delaney and Hudson. Time of game—Two hours.

The bats presented by Horsman were given to Kenney and Tracy, and the balls presented by Ross were won by Macdonald and Macdiarmid.

OPENING GAME OF THE GOTHAM CLUB.

On Tuesday, May 5th, the members of the old Gotham Club assembled at the Elysian Fields, to inaugurate the season by a practice game. Although the weather was threatening, the friends and admirers of the veteran organization were on hand in fair numbers, and all hands were in the best of spirits. About 4 o'clock the game commenced, a field party under the command of Charley Beadle, contending against the first nine. But five innings were played on account of the rain, the result being as follows:—

GOTHAM.	H.	L.	R.	FIELD.	H.	L.	R.
Goodspeed, 2d b	2		1	C. Beadle, 2d b	2		1
E. Beadle, 1st b	2		2	Bolen, 1st b	1		1
Chanfrau, l f	2		2	Cook, l f	2		1
Whiteside, p	1		1	Brown, 3d b	1		1
Worden, s s	2		1	Barnum, f	2		0
Marks, c	1		3	Atherton, s s	1		0
Osborne, c f	2		1	Simmonds, p	1		0
Milligan, 1st b	2		1	Gedney, c	0		2
Lowe, 3d b	2		1	Fields, f	1		1
				Murray, f	1		1
				Miller, 3d b	2		0
				Ostrander, f	1		0
Total	16			Total	10		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th
Gotham	4	0	5	4	3—16
Field	2	7	1	0	0—10

Umpire—Mr. Brown, of the Gramercy Club. Scorer—Mr. Beadle. Time of game—one hour and twenty minutes.

THE OLD EAGLE CLUB IN THE FIELD.

The old and young sports of the veteran Eagle Club turned out in force at Hoboken on Tuesday, May 5, to engage in an opening game. The Eagles have undergone reconstruction since last season, the World Club having been amalgamated with them. An old fashioned practice game was indulged in on Tuesday, sides being chosen by McGinn and Norton, the former coming off best in a game of six innings, which was put an end to by the rain. After the game a social time was indulged in at Perry's. The score is as follows:—

McGINN'S SIDE.	H.	L.	R.	NORTON'S SIDE.	H.	L.	R.
A. Gaughan, 1st b	0		3	Norton, 1st b	0		2
T. Daly, 2d b	3		1	Phillips, 2d b	2		1
Winnicott, 3d b	1		2	Gallighen, 3d

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

Adam Carter,
Stevin Rogers,
Barney Williams,
Musicus,
John E. Owens,
Robert N ckin,
Fakir of Rhiva,
Dan Bryant,
J. K. Warner,
Charles T. Sloeum,
Fred. Zimmerman,
Jerry Hopper,
M. Lingnan,
M. B. Leavitt,
A. K. Leighton,
John Fe Poole,
J. B. Gough,
Charles Vivian,
T. G. Weygnd,
S. J. Shay,
Joseph Thorn,
Charles Barras,
C. Amory Bruce,
C. W. Spencer,
C. H. DePorrett,
Dion DeMarbelli,
A. J. Talbot,
A. J. Wentcomb,
Lew Brown,
F. Claude Havens,
Jerry Cohen,
Arnold Jones,
George Rockefeller,
J. J. Showies,
T. E. Macco,
Felix Vincent,
John J. [illegible] (2),
Sam Sharpley,
Marietta Ravel,
Anna Tyson,
Fanny Pierson,
Georgie Dean Spaulding,
Emma Howell,
Jennie Carroll,
Julia Nelson,
Lizzie Ferguson,
Charles Covelli (2),
Charles Weightman,
Henry Rice,
Harry Burchard,
Ben Yates,
C. E. Richardson,
Charles Shay,
Gus. Mortimer,
Frank Knight,
Major Lindley,
Charles H. Duprez,
C. Harry Franck,
George Wasson,
A. Delapierre,
W. P. Sheldon,
D. G. Waldron,
S. D. Perse,
W. J. Thompson,
Sol Smith Russell,
Billy Howard,
John Webster,
Lon Chapin,
Sam Franck,
Frank B. Cilley,
W. R. Hayden,
Dick Thompson,
Charles Kachl,
Philo Clark,
Patrick Glassey,
John Ferris,
G. H. Harrison,
J. B. Studley,
H. C. Campbell,
Leroy Pope,
Henry Williams,
Henry Allen,
James Maas,
Low Gaylord (2),
Olive Logan,
May Edwards,
Annie Gibbons,
Frankie DeWitt,
Mary Estelle,
Sallie Seigle,
Maggie Mairs,
Mrs. Col. Cunningham 23 cts.,
W. H. Burdeau,
G. E. Wilson,
E. P. Kendall,
McKean Buchanan,
J. M. Place,
Thomas Hann,
Thomas Fish,
Ole Bull (2),
W. H. Chambers,
J. P. Carty,
William Collins,
Charley Monroe,
Ned Howard,
C. M. Hall,
C. T. Slocum,
Norman Underdonk 2
John Webster,
F. C. Moore,
J. D. Wilkie,
J. B. Gregory,
Fred. Buckingham 22c
J. Morton,
J. W. Carner,
Harry Francis,
Charles J. Fyfe,
D. H. Harkins,
W. T. Sears.
A. D. Fiels,
Charles R. Moore,
Doc Wilson,
Henry Sparks (tents)
Thomas Haywood,
L. R. Rand,
William Stevens,
Charley Gordon,
Tom Owens,
Mrs. Frank Barry,
Mary Carter (2,
Mad. Macarte (2),
Julia Hill,
Madam Sherwood,
Adelaide Nixon,
Alice May,
Agatha Stacs,
Negly Boyd,
Mlle. Dana,
Carrie A. Moore.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, May 11, 1868.

WHAT ARE we coming to? "Horrors on horror's head accumulate." We have only just succeeded in ascertaining and revealing the object and mysteries of the Ku Klux Klan, and now another formidable secret society confronts us—a society composed solely of the female persuasion, and therefore more formidable even than the terrible Ku Kluxans. They first gave token of their existence by the publication of a "Revolution"-ary paper, filled with inflammable articles having for their object the subjugation of man! Next we find these revolutionary characters in a secret organization called "Sesostris," or some such appalling name, with its ramifications extending through the entire length and breadth of this unhappy country. The "Sesostris" meets at a famous hostelrie up-town, where, under the guise of humanitarian ideas, they concoct the most fearful schemes for the overthrow of the power and dominion of man. They are surreptitiously undermining every phase of society. No family is free from the espionage of a "Sesostris." The very servant girls are their secret agents; man's movements are more closely watched than ever, and his every act reported to the heads of this dangerous organization. We cannot battle against the foe, because we are forced to grope in the dark. Many a man can call to mind, no doubt, the fact of going to bed with a certain sum of money in his pockets, and rising next morning to discover that the greater portion had been extracted. That embezzlement was by order of the "Sesostris," and the money so taken goes to defray the expenses of the society of evil-doers. We speak whereof we know, and yet our knowledge is but slight regarding this wicked combination of dissatisfied females. We have ascertained one fact, which shows the weak point of the "Sesostris," and which may be used to advantage by the male sex—it is this:—At one of their midnight sessions a motion was made that until "Man acknowledged their supremacy and guaranteed them inalienable rights in the pursuit of men, health, happiness, etc., no man should share their couch, or be eligible to their hands and hearts." This, we are credibly informed, was unanimously voted down, and the nefarious creature who proposed it was expelled without a dissentient voice. "Straws show which way the wind blows." They have already entered the histrionic ranks, and are secretly planning their machinations for the overthrow of man's control over the fair creatures who have heretofore been compelled to call them lords and masters! It's a fearful era we are living in. Our worst enemy is woman! We say it boldly, for this formidable organization must not be permitted to go on unresisted in their ruthless career. Our lives and liberties are involved in the issue. We have put spies upon the tracks of the myrmidons of the "Sesostris." We shall pursue them with unrelenting fury until we shall have exposed their diabolical intentions, and brought them to the feet of man sueing for forgiveness and mercy. (*Enter Amodeus perspiring at every pore.*) Our unerring messenger hastens to furnish us with the particulars of an indignation meeting which he says was held a few days since in the parlors of M'amselle Petitpas by a number of the ladies of the theatrical profession, instigated thereto by the villainous "Sesostris." The gathering was "for women only," but our reporter contrived nevertheless to be present under the protection of his invisible cloak. After sundry unfathomable proceedings the participants dissolved their petticoat parliament, and, having ranged themselves upon the sidewalk in regular order, marched with banners flying and music playing, and in full Amazonian guise, to the rooms of a leading theatrical manager to proclaim their grievances. And it is furthermore hinted that a sweet faced girl having much the look of pretty Miss Harrison, of the Olympic, beat the drum in style, and that among them were persons who might have passed (in a crowd) for Mrs. J—n S—ft—n, Mrs. V—n, Misses W—rd and J—nn—gs, C—r—ie M—re, M'dme. R—st—il, S—ng—ll and her fair sisters of the ballet, with the W—rr—is as generalissimo and aids. They were attended by the rifle guard from the "White Fawn" as escort, but it is believed that no serious collision was apprehended. Mr. Manager Cr—mm!—e rushed to his window in his morning gown, having heard the din of voices approaching. The army was quite imposing, and he may be excused for exhibiting a certain trepidation at the fair army drew near. All, on entering, began speaking at once, the manager bowing, with his hand on his breast, in vain attempting to be heard. He signed the call boy to beat the gong, which had the effect of throwing them into the most admirable poses.

MANAGER.—Why, here's a din to wake the Seven Sleepers,
And make e'en busts of stone unclose their peepers.
Although your tones sound sweet in song or play,
Ladies, one at a time; now, what's to pay?
FIRST LADY.—They've made me spokesman here—spokeswoman, rather,
A thing of whom one Spokeshake was the father;
So just shut up, or else you'll put me out.
Trust me, we ladies know what we're about.
We've held a little Congress of our own,
And here impeach you for the wrong you've done.
We want our salaries doubled—that's a trifle;
We want a green-room each—our rooms now stifle;
With each a sewing machine and hired at high prices,
To keep us in ice-creams, wines and such trifles.
Or, for such as prefer it, beer and porter,
Or even at times a little gin and water;
Also stewed pigeons, mutton chops and fries—
Why should man all these boons monopolize?
We do demand that each may pass her beau
To grace behind the scenes each "wings," you know;
That nice young men alone shall "lovers" play;
That for our flowers the management shall pay;
That each have one clear benefit per week,
And be called out a little speech to speak;
That one part sole of sixty lengths be ours
To study every four-and-twenty hours;
That each shall have her carriage, footman, too,
Jewels and things, to make all *comme il faut*;
That every day be pay-day. I've no more
To ask except that you embrace a law
Abolishing rehearsals as a bore;
Print us in letters ten feet long, not less,
And largely pay for *critiques* on our acting;
I'm sure you cannot call these terms exacting.
MANAGER.—M'amselle, your terms are liberal, I confess,
But you've made fortunes while I've not made mine,
And therefore shall be stubborn.
FIRST LADY.—Seize him, and bind him fast, the old curmudgeon,
We'll have our way, or else we'll send him trudgin'.
O, for a bludgeon!
SECOND LADY.—Pray let me interpose—here, cousin Cupid;
Advance your bow; unless the man is stupid,
He must "come down," like that same "coon" we read of;
Fortunate must we strike weapons we've no need of.
(La Petite Ravel, attired as Cupid, suddenly springs before the manager and transfixes him with an arrow. He falls on his knees, and concedes everything demanded of him. Is overwhelmed with hugs and kisses, and the parties form a tableau amid shouts, cheers and music.)..... And thereupon these cruel war-ists, having accomplished the object of their mission, retired in good order to a well known hostelrie on the Fifth Avenue, where they regaled themselves on stewed kidney, pork and beans, etc., the tender leaf of cabbage, as they partook of the solid fare, the following touching ballad on

ROAST PORK AND BAKED BEANS.

Let epicures write of their dainties and sauces,
Black ven'son, boned turkey, and other such themes;
But we've a plain ballad, 'twill knock all their salad,
Of a slice of crisp pork and a dish of baked beans.

Where misfortune o'ertook us, and left us forsaken,
Our hostess hurried down, we fancied by means,
We did think, to get us some chicken and bacon.
But smothered our sorrow in pork and baked beans.

Let John Bull have his beef, the French frogs and horse meat,
The Dutch, lager and Swetizer, and wine in canteens,
But give us, and that's yer, the dish of the Yankee,
Some crispy roast pork and a plate of baked beans.

.....While our playwrights have given us "Under the Gaslight," "Under the Harrow," and various other "unders," is'nt it strange that some Bohemian don't write "Under the Weather?".....Did you ever learn how they manage to "keep dark" on the stage? Why all they have to do is to turn down the *gas jet*, and darkness follows.....Negro minstrelsy continues greatly in favor with New Yorkers, who never fail to "do" our minstrel halls while making their perambulations in the pursuit of pleasure. We already have two very fine troupes, the San Francisco and Kelly & Leon's, but another is very soon to be added to the list in the revival of Bryant's Minstrels, at one time the leading minstrel organization in this country. "Dan Bryant, the moving spirit of the troupe, aspired to tread the legitimate boards, and for two or three seasons he has been going the rounds of the theatrical starry firmament, performing as an Irish comedian. But we never believed that Dan took kindly to his new vocation—we imagined that he hungered after black corkisms rather than white Corkonianisms; and now, after a fair trial, Daniel comes to judgment on the minstrel stage, where he will be himself again. And in this connection, we may be permitted to throw out this

HINT FOR DAN BRYANT.

Dan strove erewhile to shed his skin,
And Irish Pat essayed to do,
But critics paid the Ethiop still,
Spite of all cunning, would peep through.
Now into African transformed,
The "brogue," they say, is plain to hear,
And wonder how with faults like this
He can before the town appear.
One course we'd take, in this extreme,
And others might adopt the plan:
Play half a part in pure burnt cork,
And t'other half as Irish, Dan!

.....Somebody having stated that a new burlesque is to be produced called "The Thirty-Nine Thieves," a funny acquaintance says the idea is a good one, as burlesques should always "take one off".....We are inclined that two persons named Ravel have applied for divorces. It may not be impreper for us to remark that the incompatible individuals are not our old pantomimic friends whose marriage knot is thus to be un-Raveled.....Tom Thumb will short-ly be on hand in this city, we hear.....It is stated that the English dramatist, Stirling Coyne, is engaged to write a play for one of our theatres; in return for which Stirling Coyne will be paid in paper money.....The American actress, Jananschek, is about to leave us, and in consequence thereof our muse has a spasm by way of

FAREWELL TO FANNY.

Jananschek is going to leave us,
O, fate, cruel fate, why bereave us
Of all that we value most here?
Jananschek, Jananschek is going,
Jananschek, me darling, Me-dear!
But fear not; though absent, in history
Thy name with Queen Bess's shall live,
And though than the Elizabeth of Lander
No nught could be grander,
To equal thy fame even Ristori
Her right hand would willingly give.

THE BOONE CHILDREN and the Clinetop Sisters are the latest additions to the Theatre Comique company, putting in a first appearance there this evening. During the past week an attractive and pleasing performance was given. C. Warden appeared in his own negro sketch of "Me-de-sh," in which he appeared as Ristori, so ported by Josh Hart as Jason, and Kelly and Holly as the Guards. It was a very amusing affair and took well. While Mr. Warden was good, Josh Hart was funny as Jason, more particularly with his broken Dutch, and the tearing in his despair of the white wool from his head, as well as an extremely lengthy beard, also made of white wool. Aircc is one of the most daring athletes we ever witnessed, and his performances on the trapeze bar, standing upon it as it oscillates without the use of his hands, causes many a shudder in the audience. Something similar to this act was done at this same theatre not long since by William Hanlon, but he did not make so much of it, or attempt so many daring feats. Mr. Lingard has taken the town by storm with his truly wonderful performances, both in his comic sketches, as well as statues of some of the most prominent men of the day. His "On the Beach at Long Branch" is, so far, his most successful effort, although all of his impersonations are very good. Alice Stoller has made a favorable impression as a vocalist. Her collection of songs are new, and she has a very pleasing appearance while on the stage. Every word she utters can be distinctly heard, and she is in possession of a good voice for her vocation.

BRYANTS' MINSTREL HALL, located on the ground floor of the new Tammany Hall on Fourteenth street, adjoining the Academy of Music, is completed and is announced to open on the 18th inst., under the management of Dan and Neil Bryant, with a first class company, consisting of Dan Bryant, Nelse Seymour, J. H. Ross, Hogan and Hughes, Charles Henry, Hobbs, Morrison, Eugene, Unsworth and several others of note. The company visit a few of the principal cities on the New Haven railroad this week to get in good trim before opening here. The hall is one of the handsomest and best arranged for a minstrel show of any in this country. Ascending four or five steps on Fourteenth street you reach the entrance, which is ten feet wide and fifty feet deep. At the extreme end and on the right is the box office where John Simpson, who has been with the Bryants for so many years, will handle the stamps. Adjoining this office is an entrance leading to a large room which can be used for almost any purpose, such as storing "props," a dressing room, &c., as it is easily reached from the stage by three steps. Between the box office and the doors opening to the parquet are the stairs, twenty in number, leading to the dress circle, which consists of benches handsomely upholstered with red plush and capable of seating about 300 persons. There is standing room in the circle for two hundred more. There are three windows on the north side of the circle, which will afford ventilation. The walls are painted in panels. The dome is very handsomely frescoed, with one of Frink's patent reflectors, sometimes called a sunlight, in the centre. In the four corners of the dome are painted portraits, set in panels, representing the arms of Bryant, Kelly and Leon, and old Daddy Rice. The last named is a most excellent likeness, but those supposed to be for the brothers would answer equally as well for anybody else. The parquet floor is raised so as to give an excellent view of the stage from the extreme end. The auditorium is 52 feet deep and 52 feet wide. The ceiling is 28 feet 10 inches high. There are thirty-four benches, stuffed similar to those in the circle and covered the same, capable of seating about five hundred, with standing room for a great many more. Eight iron columns support the circle in the parquet. There are three windows in the parquet. The stage is 22 feet deep and 52 feet wide. There are three setts of grooves and a good stock of scenery. The dressing rooms are under the stage, also a well fitted up wash room. There are two private boxes each side of the stage.

BLIND TOM, the negro pianist, but who is not blind, having his sight sufficiently, not only to go about but to read, continues his performances at Irving Hall.

ELIZA NEWTON does not appear in the new play at Pike's Opera House this week in consequence of another lady of the same name being in the cast, and Eliza thought it best to have but one Newton in the field.

THE PET PHILO DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of this city gave a performance of "Caste" at the French Theatre on the 6th inst., for the benefit of the Samaritan Home for Aged Men. The piece was very well placed upon the stage, and several of the *roles* creditably sustained.

"MASKS AND FACES" was performed at Wallack's Theatre on the 7th inst., and Charles Fisher's Triplet was decidedly the finest piece of acting witnessed on the Wallackian boards this summer. Rose Eytinge appeared as Peg Woffington. A portion of her performance was fair, but taken as a whole, it was not the Peg that the author intended.

HENRY C. JARRETT, the lessee of Niblo's Garden next season, has, we are told, made Charles Dickens the handsome offer of $10,000 to write him a Christmas play, and the sketch of the piece is already completed.

WILLIAM WREATLEY'S income for the year 1867 is set down as $35,000

CHARLEY WHITE is at present organizing a traveling troupe for a summer season. It is to be known as Lingard's Minnie Concert, and will embrace the following artists:—William Lingard, the London mimic; J. H. Hilton, ventriloquist; Mons. Alree, athlete; Lucy Egerton, of the "White Fawn," Niblo's Garden; the Boone Children, Mr. Pratt, pianist, and several other popular artists, under the management of Charley White, with William Allinson as advance agent. The party open at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on June 1st, for three nights, and after making two or three other stands, go to Brooklyn, at the Athenæum, June 8th, and go thence to Carncross and Dixie's Minstrel Hall, Philadelphia, 15th, and open at the Boston Museum, July 6th, for a season, where the company will be considerably augmented.

DAN BRYANT took his farewell of the dramatic stage in white face at the Academy of Music on the 7th inst., appearing in the "Irish Emigrant" and "Handy Andy," the occasion being for the benefit of the American Dramatic Fund. Every artist on the stage, including Mr. Bryant, volunteered for the occasion. Owing to the night being very stormy the attendance was very small, scarcely enough to pay for gas and printing.

BATEMAN commences a season at Niblo's Garden with his opera troupe on 1 July 13th.

WILLIAM WHEATLEY, at the earnest solicitation of his many friends, will take his farewell of the stage the last night of the present season at Niblo's Garden, which will be some time in July.

MLLE. DE ROSA, *premiere danseuse*, makes her *debut* in this country this evening at Niblo's Garden, having been prevented from appearing the past week in consequence of not having fully recovered from her sea voyage. She will appear in several of her best dances. The "White Fawn" will continue the attraction at this establishment until the close of the season, which terminates the second week in July.

SINGER'S NEW MARK, of all sorts, sizes and kinds, are sold and soled by Mr. J. O'Donnell, of 260 Bowery, N. Y. See his advertisement.

MARIE BONFANTI, *danseuse*, brought her twenty months' stay at Niblo's Garden to a close on the 9th inst. She goes to Chicago to appear in the "White Fawn."

"THE WHITE COCKADE" is the title of an old English play to be produced at Wallack's on the 13th inst. with J. W. Wallack in the cast.

MANAGER TAYLEURE announces in his Olympic Theatre "ads." that crowds are turned away each evening unable to obtain standing room to see the greatest pantomimic success of the day, "Humpty Dumpty," and as H. D. objects to D. H. the free list is suspended.

LUCILLE WESTERN sailed for California on the 9th inst.

BENEFITS are in order at the Old Bowery all this week.

CLARK RUSSELL gave a reading at Steinway Hall on the 9th inst., for the benefit of the Dramatic Fund, but the proceeds, owing to the slim attendance, will not materially enrich the coffers of the Fund.

"LOST" is the title of a new five act sensation play, adapted from the French by Fred Maeder, and to be produced with new scenery and startling effects, at Pike's Opera House, on the 13th inst. In the cast are Lillie Eldridge, Celia Logan, Kate Newton, Emma Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. George Boniface, John Dyott, McKee Rankin, Charles Hale, Frank Lawler, and Geo. Atkins.

THE RICHINGS OPERA TROUPE commence an engagement in this city at the French Theatre this evening, giving "Martha" for the initial performance. This troupe among of the best representatives of English opera ever seen in this country, and no troupe has been more successful pecuniarily as well as artistically.

FANNY JANAUSCHEK gives selections from "Mary Stuart" and "Macbeth" at the Academy of Music this evening, for the benefit of the Dramatic Fund. Between the pieces Minnie Hauck vocalizes.

"THE GRAND DUTCH'SS" will not be taken from the bills of Kelly and Leon's so long as it attracts such crowds as it has for the past three months. Blamphin's harp solos are gems and please all who hear them.

RICHINGS'S TROUPE last word used by the San Francisco Minstrels for announcing the hour of commencing their show. Formerly they used to call it the Agony. But be it agony or insurrection, crowds flock to their hall every night to listen to the singing of Wambold and Templeton, the witticisms of Birch, Bernard and Backus, the songs and dances of Newcomb, the banjo playing of Lew Brimmer, as well as the rest of the programme offered. Mr. J. Ackerman joins the company this week.

THE WILLIAMSES are playing at the Broadway Theatre in "Connie Soogah."

MARIE WESTMAYLER, who has been dancing in Chicago and elsewhere in "Undine," commences at Niblo's Garden this evening.

ROBERT FRAZER, William Wallis, Lew Simmons and several other Philadelphia actors paid a flying visit to this city on Saturday evening, the 9th inst. and returned on the 11th.

THE BURLESQUE SKETCH on Lingard's Changes, as performed by him at the Theatre Comique, and done up in cork by Billy Sheppard and Frank Kerns at Tony Pastor's Opera House, is one of the most successful and amusing acts of its kind we have seen. Frank Kerns first appears as the swell with the song of "Bitter Beer," and his make-up and singing is a capital take-off on Lingard. He has caught the peculiar walk and actions of that performer exactly. Billy Sheppard then quickly follows with the song of "Captain Jinks," and although his voice is not exactly suited to it yet he does very well, imitating Mr. Lingard very closely in his walk. Frank Kerns then appears in female attire, with the song of "As Through the Park I Go," followed by Sheppard as the "Guinea Pig Boy." Kerns as the "Hat Vender," and finishing with Sheppard as the lovely damsel who sings "On the Beach at Long Branch." Although the last named is the poorest imitation of the lot, yet taken as a whole the sketch is very successfully performed. Nelse Seymour having seceded from Kelly and Leon's Minstrels, to join the Bryants', commenced a three nights' engagement here on the 7th inst., and met with a warm reception. Nelse has a host of admirers on the East side. This evening Tony produces a novel sensation, being an entirely original burlettical drama, totally different from anything yet presented, written expressly for this house, by a prominent author, and entitled "Behind the Scenes," in which every member of the company will appear.

MRS. MEDINI and MISS BURTON, who sang at the Union League concert last week, are the daughters of the late William E. Burton, the celebrated actor.

THE CONGREGATION of the Rev. O. B. Frothingham gave a representation, one evening last week, of the new comedy, "The Spirit of Seventy-six," which was recently brought out in Boston.

JOHN BROUGHAM produces his local piece of "The Lottery of Life" at Wallack's Theatre, during the Summer season.

"TOO MUCH FOR GOOD NATURE" has not proved too much for the good nature of either the audience or the management of the Worrell Sisters' Theatre, for it has kept the bills the past two weeks, and, assisted with the burlesque of "Paris and Helen," is attracting a succession of larger audiences seen in that establishment (excepting during the run of "Under the Gaslight") since the house was opened. Mr. Leffingwell is exceedingly funny as Romeo Jaffier Jenkins, and convulses his audience with laughter all the time he is on the stage. The piece is one of the most "taking" we have seen for some time. Even on the very stormy night, the past week, the attendance was quite large. The Worrell Sisters have in preparation a new burlesque on "The Grand Duchess," which will shortly be produced.

THE FUNERAL of the late Reuben Lowell, formerly lessee of the Worrell Sisters' Theatre, took place on the 10th inst, from St. Peters' Church, Twentieth street near Ninth avenue, and was largely attended by the Masonic fraternity and the theatrical profession. His remains were interred in Marble Cemetery, Second street near First avenue.

NOT DEAD.—We are pleased to learn that the report of the death of MRS. J. H. Jack is untrue. The lady has been very low, but having passed a crisis in her disease, there is hope of her final recovery.

PROFESSIONALS out of the city wishing to purchase anything required in the dramatic, minstrel or variety business, can order through Messrs. Thompson and Riggs, who, in addition to effecting engagements for performers, offer to make purchases at a reasonable price and forward by express.

ALICE SOMERS, one of the principal attractions of the late Carter Zouave Troupe, commences an engagement at Tony Pastor's Opera House this evening.

Dramatic.

BIDWELL AND LOCKE'S DRAMATIC TROUPE opened at the Temple, Portsmouth, N. H., on May 4th, for one week. Our correspondent, "Casten," writing from there, says:—"They opened with the play of 'Fanchon,' with Dollie Bidwell as the Cricket, supported by a talented company, including the favorite artists, Messrs. Bidwell, Sullivan, Churchill and Georgie Langley. During their stay they produced 'Lucretia Borgia,' 'Pearl of Savoy,' 'Octoroon' and 'East Lynne,' concluding each evening with a farce, in which Yankee Locke kept the audience in continual roars of laughter. As a Yankee comedian Mr. Locke has few, if any equals. The houses during the week were crowded. From here they go to Dover and Haverhill, stopping one week in each place."

WILLIAM P. PRESCOTT, the well-known stage carpenter of the Boston Theatre, was the recipient of a magnificent gold chronometer watch, valued at $250, on the evening of April 23d. The inner case bears the inscription, "Presented to Wm. P. Prescott, by his friends of the Boston Theatre, April 23d, 1868." It was a very agreeable surprise for Mr. P., as he had no knowledge of the good intentions of his friends, most of whom have been under his jurisdiction during the late run of the "White Fawn." He left for Chicago on the 9th inst. to superintend the production of this spectacle at the Crosby Opera House.

JOHN E. OWENS opened at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., on the 4th inst., in "Everybody's Friend" and "Solon Shingle," which were repeated the following evening. During the week he appeared in the "Victims," "Live Indian" and "Forty Winks," and closed his engagement on the 9th.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD, the poet, who went to Sacramento from San Francisco a few months ago, and made his *debut* as an actor, has given up the profession.

HARRY BROWN, an actor in San Francisco, Cal., was robbed of a portion of his wardrobe a few weeks since.

LOTTA is the current star at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind.

LEO HUDSON was performing in "Mazeppa" and other equestrian pieces at the Academy of Music, Louisville, Ky., the past week.

CAROLINE HAYES' DRAMATIC TROUPE are traveling through Ohio. They were at Springfield on the 1st inst.

E. EDDY GAVE a dramatic representation at Continental Hall, Greenpoint, L. I., on April 30th.

MATILDA HERON was at the Opera House, Williamsburgh, L. I., the past week, and appeared in "Gamea," "Camille," "Medea," etc. Mr. M. Sheridan and Miss Katie Estelle were especially engaged to support her, in conjunction with the regular company.

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Cincinnati, Little Lotta has been drawing well. "Little Nell and the Marchioness" ran one week, and the stock company—several of whom appeared for the first time, acquitted themselves very creditably. Our correspondent says:—"Foster was a good Grandfather, Wood Benson a fair Slum, looking the part well, and Ashley made a hit as Quilp. Pierce also was good. In some of the others the least said the better. On the 4th and 5th Lotta appeared in the 'Female Detective,' and 'An Object of Interest,' and on the 6th, in the 'Pet of the Petticoats' and 'Family Jars.' The 'Governor's Wife,' 'Pocahontas,' and 'The Good for Nothing' were to have completed her *repertoire*.....John Owens begins an engagement on the 11th, opening with John Unit, a character he originally performed in this city some twelve years ago, while a stock actor at Wood's.....Ada Oates returned to this city last week from a trip to Lexington, where he played with a stock company for three weeks to a good business. Mrs. Oates' singing and chambermaid acting was much relished by the Lexingtonians."

DOLLY DAVENPORT made his reappearance in St. Louis, Mo., on the 7th inst., at the Olympic Theatre, after an absence of over five years. He appeared as Popham, in the "Eaten Boy." Alfred Stewart, James Collins, and Nellie Taylor also appeared in the piece.

MR. and MRS. W. GOMERSAL commenced an engagement at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 4th inst., opening in "The Duchess of Gerolstein" in English. The reception given Mr. and Mrs. Gomersal was not very flattering, and the engagement was brought to a close on the 5th inst.

THEATRICALS IN PHILADELPHIA have been slow during the past week, partly owing to the unsettled state of the weather and partly to the monotonousness of the bills. John Brougham opened at the Walnut on the 4th, in his highly seasoned "Lottery of Life," which, on its first production at this house during Mr. B's. previous engagement, attracted very large houses. Its reproduction has not been so successful, and it gives place this week to "Playing with Fire," Mr. Brougham's excellent comedy.....The Richings Opera Troupe closed their term at the Academy with a *matinee* on the 9th inst. The various benefits during the week were well attended, and the concluding performance, on Saturday afternoon last, attracted a crowded and brilliant audience, the greater portion being ladies. The opera given was "The Crown Diamonds." On Wednesday evening, May 8th, on the occasion of Mrs. Castle's benefit, a young lady named Edith Abell made her *debut* on the operatic stage in the *role* of Arline, in the "Bohemian Girl." The *debutante* was favorably received and encouraged by the applause of a large audience, and notwithstanding a certain degree of nervousness inseparable from first appearances, she acquitted herself fairly. Her voice is light, and scarcely suited to such large places as the Academy.....Bateman's company succeed the Richings troupe, opening on the 11th inst., in the "Duchess." French opera is not a favorite in Philadelphia, and we do not believe the manager will meet with liberal patronage....."The Black Crook" fell into waning power at the Chestnut during the past week, notwithstanding the addition of Mlle. Marchi to the Terpsichorean department. M'lle Leah is about as graceful and easy a dancer as there is in the troupe, and is *encored* nightly in her specialties. The present, which is the sixth week of the representation of the "Black Crook," is announced as its *finale*. "Humpty Dumpty" is in rehearsal at this house.....Miss Fanny B. Price concluded her engagement at the Arch on the 6th inst. On the 11th inst. Fanny Girdlestone was announced to make her *debut* as Josephine, in Buckstone's drama of "The Child of the Regiment." The "Fast Family" is to be revived on the 12th. On the 18th Falconer's drama of "A Wife Well Won" will be presented, with Mr. Barton Hill in the principal character. Mr. Robert Craig, a favorite actor attached to the Arch, is up for a benefit on the 16th, when he will present an unusually attractive bill, including his own new burlesque entitled "William Tell, or the Hero of Schweitzer Kase." We predict a crowded house on the occasion.....A *matinee* is to be given at the Walnut on the 16th inst., in aid of the American Dramatic Fund.

THE MEMBERS OF WILSON & CLARK'S BOSTON PROVINCIAL THEATRE have declared that hereafter they will not have any business relations in any way with Mr C. H. Clarke, in consequence of his alleged ill-treatment of Miss Josie Booth, an actress attached to their troupe. It is stated that this assault on Miss Booth he was arrested, but as the lady declined to appear against him he was let off with a fine of $50 and costs.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS opened in San Francisco, Cal., at the Metropolitan Theatre on April 13th, in 'Lady Audley's Secret," supported by J. C. McCollum. The house was crowded on the opening night and continued large throughout the week. "Lady Audley was played until the 17th, when "Romeo and Juliet" was presented, the latter as a benefit to Miss Sloss, with Mrs. Bowers as Jane Shore; Alicia, Mrs. Annie Jackson; Earl Hastings, McCollum; and concluded with the comedy of "Katty O'Shiel," with Miss Emilie Melville as Katty. On April 19th Mrs. Bowers appeared as Mary Stuart, with Emilie Melville in the afterpiece of "Katty O'Shiel." Mrs. Bowers has made one of the greatest hits of any artist that has yet visited the Pacific shore. We are pleased to record the fact, for she is a true artist.

LAWRENCE BARRETT continued at the Opera House, San Francisco, Cal., up to last advices.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" produced at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., the past week, continues to be the attraction.

ALICE KINGSBURY is the current star at the Opera House, St Louis, Mo.

EMMA MADDERN was announced to open an engagement of two weeks at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, on the 11th inst.

FANNY B. PRICE succeeds Edwin Adams at the Opera House, Pittsburg, Pa., opening on the 18th inst.

THE ARCH STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, closes its regular fall and winter season on May 30th, and reopens for the summer season on June 1st, with "Under the Gaslight" for four weeks.

AT BEN DE BAR'S, St. Louis, Mo., Mrs. Mary Gladstane appeared the past week in a round of favorite characters to moderate business, opening with "Elizabeth," and followed with "Plot and Passion," "The Artist's Bride," "Corsican Brothers," and, for her benefit and last appearance on the 8th inst., in the drama entitled "Henry Dunbar;" also in the farce of "Cousin Joe," with Mary Gladstane as Margery, and Ben De Bar as Cousin Joe. On the 11th inst. Alice Kingsbury reappears for six nights, followed by the favorite Lotta.

AT THE VARIETIES, St. Louis, "Under the Gaslight" has been meeting with success. It was withdrawn on the 11th, to make way for the "White Fawn." De Pol's European Ballet Troupe, with Mlle. Blasini, Tasima, Croci, and Ricci, have been engaged for its production; also Miss Jennie Kimball.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT," after a run of two weeks' to good business at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., was withdrawn on the 9th inst., and is followed this week by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gomersal in the English version of the "Grand Duchess," for the week commencing on the 18th inst. Our correspondent says:—"Mr. J. F. Wheelock made a hit as Snorkey, and has received a hearty welcome back in our midst. Billy Allen as Bermudas, was excellent; he takes a benefit to-night (9th). Mr. J. L. Gossin having recovered from his late illness, appeared on the 6th as Ray Trafford. J. L. Mason's Justice Dowling was a fair representation. Mrs. Fred. Meek as Laura Courtland acted the character throughout efficiently.....Zoe appeared on the 6th as St. James' Hall."

F. L. LOWELL & Co are scenic artists at Grand Rapids Mich., and issue a card in our advertising columns of interest to managers of traveling dramatic troupes.

MONS. ALEXANDER BOLDY, the accomplished *ballet* master and pantomimist, wishes an appointment as producer of spectacles in his specialties. Vide advertisement.

TALENT of both sexes, and in different specialties, is wanted by Daniel K. Russell, for the Kansas City Theatre, which he is about to open, we understand, for a season of six months. Parties wishing engagements should read his advertisement elsewhere.

GERMAN OPERA was to be given at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., May 11th and 12th.

HATEMAN'S OPERA TROUPE opens at Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, on the 21st inst.

MESSRS. DAVIS & SCHAFER, the theatrical agents of Cincinnati, O., evidently have a busy time of it in securing people for managers and engagements for actors, actresses and others of both sexes, as will be seen by their advertisements in another column.

THE BOSTON THEATRES are spoken of by our correspondent, "Justin," under date of May 9th, as follows:—"Selwyn's Theatre has produced nothing in the way of novelty, with the exception of the 'Jealous Wife' on the 8th, for the benefit of Mrs. Marie Wilkins. Edmund Sheridan, with Mrs. Bowers as Lady Teazle, gave the finest piece of acting I have not seen since the days of Mrs. George Jamieson. G. W. Garrison took his benefit on the 7th, playing Luke in 'Dora,' and Sir Charles Coldstream in 'Used Up,' and while the former was his worst performance, his Sir Charles rather astonished us by its general excellence. The 'Rivals was given on the 8th, to a good house.....At the Museum Mr. J. H. Ring took a benefit on the 7th, producing 'To Parents and Guardians,' 'Box and Cox' and 'Inquisitive Parker'.....Kate Fisher has been doing a good business at the Howard with 'Rookwood,' 'Mike Martin,' 'Putnam,' 'Handsome Jack,' etc. Mrs. Williams has made her first appearance as Margery in the 'Rough Diamond,' and was well received. She has also appeared in 'Jenny Lind' and the 'Young Actress.'.....Hickity Pickity' continues to fill the Comique, and those who have seen 'Humpty Dumpty' at the Olympic, in your city, easily recognize that piece.....The Boston Theatre has closed its regular dramatic season, after a run of bad business. Mrs. J. B. Booth (Agnes Perry) took her benefit on the 6th, playing Rosalind in 'As You Like It,' and Katharine in 'Katharine and Petruchio.' Her Rosalind was an excellent performance. Mr. Booth made his reappearance at this theatre as Jacques. Rachel Noah took a benefit on the 8th, playing Margot in the 'Pet of the Petticoats,' to a poor house. On the 9th, 'David Copperfield,' 'Robert Macaire,' and fifth act of 'Richard Third,' for the benefit of Louis Aldrich."

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY, under the management of J. H. Browne, are on a traveling tour with Edwin Booth, opening in Worcester on the 11th, in "Hamlet;" 12th, Providence; 13th, Springfield; 14th, 15th and 16th, Albany; 18th and 19th, Hartford; 20th and 21st, New Haven; 23d and 23d, Providence; 25th, Newport; 26th, New Bedford, Mass; 27th, Salem; 28th and 29th, Portland, Me.; 30th, Lowell, Mass.; June 1st, Salem; and 2d, Providence."

J. C. MYERS, the present lessee of the Opera House, Rochester, N. Y., which place has been closed for six weeks past in consequence of engagements to play his company in Syracuse and other places, re-opened on the 9th inst. for a spring season. The stock, comprising some of the company of last season, together with several additions is as follows:—Miss Flora Myers, Fanny Prestige, an old Rochester favorite; Mr. and

which speak for themselves to parties concerned. The *Democrat*, Centralia, Ill., of April 30th, says:—

"AN UNWARRANTABLE ACT.—We notice that just after the large pictorial bills of the Alleghanians were posted in our city on Wednesday, the agent of Lake's Circus came along and completely covered them with the bills of that establishment. This we think not only unfair to so popular a company as the Alleghanians, but decidedly a mean and dirty transaction. We would remind Mr. Lake and his agents that if they think they can help their shiftless here in Centralia by such acts as these, they have greatly mistaken the character of our people."

The Weekly Sentinel, of the same date, publishes the following:—

"SPORTING SHOW BILLS.—Is it right for the agents of Lake's Circus to cover up entirely the posters of the Alleghanians, who happen to be announced a few days ahead? We think that courtesy from one company to another precludes such a transaction, and we presume Mr. Lake would not countenance anything of the kind. The agent of the Alleghanians is a gentleman in every respect, and, withal, an old newspaper publisher of California. We hope to see him and his company succeed here, notwithstanding he has no posters on the street left to announce their advent here. They will, however, appear (as heretofore advertised) on Thursday evening, May 7th, and our music loving people will give them a hearty welcome."

SCENIC ARTISTS, decorators, costumers, and others, wishing to procure colors and other material adapted to the art of painting, will do well to send to the Toch Brothers for their price list, as this firm is doing an extensive business in that line, we understand. For their precise address read their advertisement in the CLIPPER.

C. B. PLUMMER, a Yankee monologuist, is in Virginia City. He thus announces his company: C. B. Plummer, Esq., elocutionist; Herr Plummer, Tangle-Tootonic orator; Sig. Carlo Plummer, Italian operator; Mr. O'McPlummer, blarneyist; Yankee Plummer, dissemin ator of down-easticisms; Rev. Solomon Plummer, Hard Shellist.

THE FAKIR OF AVA AND WHISTON, THE HUMORIST, having closed their business season, have retired to Buffalo, N. Y., for the summer—the former to his farm in the suburbs, and the latter to his residence in the city.

BARNUM'S LIVING CURIOSITIES opened in Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 8th inst., for six nights.

CHARLES DE VANDENHOFF, late leading man at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., gave a dramatic reading at the Assembly Rooms, Alexandria, Va., on the 4th inst., but did not meet with much success. Mr. Vandenhoff proposes to give readings throughout the South and Southwest during the coming summer, and will start upon his tour at an early day.

J. C. VALENTINE will start out early in June, with Sig. Blitz, and a gift show.

THE FUSI-YAMA JAPS opened in Milwaukee, Wis., May 6th, for four nights.

SOPHIE GANTZ, the "Baby Woman," is on exhibition in Indianapolis, Ind.

THREE STUFFED GORILLAS, of large size, are advertized for sale, cheap, by J. Bruce in another column.

ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST DAYS of the season is Charles H. Day, New Haven, Conn., who advertises to the effect that he has many songs, warbles, comicalities, etc., to dispose of for cash.

"BLOODY MOON POLKA" is the name of a new piece of music just out in Nashville.

TOM THUMB and party gave an entertainment at Elmira, N. Y., on the 6th inst., and made a very bad impression by charging fifty cents admission, when, through a mistake of the agent, the advertisements stated only twenty-five cents.

"KIND TO A FAULT," a two act comedy, by William Brough, and "If I had a Thousan d a Year," a farce in one act, by J. Maddison Morton, are the latest publications by R. M. DeWitt, of this city, who sells them at fifteen cents a copy.

SAMUEL WILDER, brother of James Wilder, died in New Ipswich, N. H., on the 5th inst. His brother was with him at the time and every attention was paid him. Mr. Wilder has been connected with the show business for many years, having traveled with Goodwin and Wilder's and other circuses. The past two years he has been advance agent for Spaulding's Bell Ringers.

LIZZETTE PEAK, one of the Peak Family of Bell Ringers, died in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 1st inst. The deceased had been ill, since the 8th of April, of typhoid fever. Hopes had been entertained of her eventual recovery; but they vanished, on Wednesday evening, when she became insensible, and failed from that moment till her death to recognize the bereaved friends who surrounded her bedside. The young lady first felt indisposed on the evening of the 8th. On the following evening she felt quite ill, and her father proposed to forego the engagement to perform at Case Hall, and to dismiss the audience. Lizzette, however, desired to go on with the concert; and she went through her accustomed part, although the hand of death was even then laid upon her. She was sixteen years old at the time of her death. The remains were taken to Medford, Mass., for interment.

LO, THE POOR JAPS.—The Ha-yah-ta-kee Japs have been very unfortunate ever since they left their native heath. Since their arrival in California another member has died, making three lost by death.

MANAGERS of peripatetic shows, circuses and other exhibitions intending to make a visit to Chicago, Ill., will do well to read Messrs. Harris & Broadway's card in our columns, by which it will be seen that they are A. No. 1. bill posters, and have the privilege of displaying literature on the outward walls and private boards.

JAMES E. BRYAN is the city bill poster of Zanesville, O., and gives notice of the same in the advertising columns of the CLIPPER.

AN AMERICAN BRASS BAND LEADER, who plays the cornet and has a fine collection of music, advertises in the CLIPPER for an engagement with a responsible manager.

IN CHEYENNE, DAKOTAH, but little has been done in the theatrical line this Spring. The dance houses and gambling saloons in the city are said to deprive the drama of a great deal of support. A correspondent, "Far West," in a letter dated April 19, says: "It is not, perhaps, generally known East that the mantle of Barnum has fallen on the shoulders of a Western man. But it is even so. Prof. James McBride is the Museum of curiosities, living and dead, in this city, that astonishes every one. He has secured Barnum's celebrated giantess, Miss Kate Keithley. The celebrated Albino is also on exhibition, and there is likewise a mermaid on the premises, which people shrewdly suspect was saved at the recent fire at Barnum's. Then we have snakes, monkeys, apes, and no end of tropical birds, which astonish the natives out here, who have never had the opportunity to dabble in zoology on an extended scale. The professor has also lately received from Paris a fine series of stereoscopic views, which form a splendid addition to his gallery of art. A brass band discourses lively music both at night and day, and the museum of McDaniel's is undoubtedly the great centre of attraction in Cheyenne.

JOHANNA CLAUSSEN was to have given two parlor entertainments in Burlington, Iowa, on the 9th and 11th inst.

S. WYLDE HAMILTON gave readings and recitations from the poets in San Francisco, April 20th, to many persons. Mr. Hardinge was about to leave for up country to give readings and recitations at Sacramento, Marysville, Stockton and Virginia City.

MARK TWAIN lectured in San Francisco, Cal., April 15th.

THE LUBIN BROTHERS continue to manufacture magical apparatus, as will be seen by their advertisements elsewhere.

J. M. ELLISER is desirous of an engagement either to locate or travel as comic vocalist, bird imitator, etc.

LEW HALLETT AND CHARLEY GLEASON join Charley Shay's Quinceplexal Troupe at Portage City, Mich., on the 25th inst.

Amateur.

THE BOOTHENIAN of Philadelphia performed "The Seven Clerks" and "Perfection" for their benefit on the 7th inst. A correspondent says:—"Mr Thomas, as Darnand, cannot be too highly spoken of. E. Hayhurst, as Simon Siggel, and G. L. Barclay, as Hans Hoog Fidt, kept the audience in good humor thoughout. Mr. St. Leger, as Adolp, looked and played the part well. Mr. T. Collins, as Brown, and H. Craig, as Matteo, were good. Miss C. Graham sustained the part of Victoria in a creditable manner. J. Francis, as Charles Paragon, in the afterpiece, was excellent. Mr. Quigley, as Sir Lawrence, did well. Mr. Perry, as Sans; Miss Baker, as Kate O'Brien, and Miss Hamilton, as Susan, played in an able manner.....The Dramatic Union, of Philadelphia, gave a performance of 'Robert Macaire,' a song, recitation and 'Jumbo Jim' on the 6th. The only one worthy of mention in the drama is Miss Logan, who played the character of Marie. Miss Bird sang 'Beloved Star' in an excellent manner. Mr Keller was very eloquent in his recitation. Mr. Lesher, as Jumbo, in the afterpiece, proved himself to be a natural delineator of negro characters. Miss Logan, as Mrs. Gobbleton, and Miss Morton, as Hannah, did well. The members of this association should study their parts before attempting to play them.....The Shakespeare announced the 'Actress of Padua' for their benefit on the 7th inst."

MISS JENNIE MORTON and combination appeared at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, on the 5th inst. The selections were the musical drama of the "Daughter of the Regiment" and the farce of the "Spoiled Child." A correspondent says:—"Miss Morton as Madelaine, was tolerable, but showed too much confidence in her capacity. She needs close study. A. V. Adams as the old Notary, was evidently out of his element, and although dressed as an old man, acted like a schoolboy making a ridiculous attempt at witticism. The other parts were recited with no other visible object in view but rapidity and brevity. The play was greatly abbreviated, and showed a want of conception in their characters, too often the case with amateurs."

A PERFORMANCE of the "Serious Family" took place at the New Memphis Theatre on May 1st, by a company of amateurs, for the benefit of the Masonic Relief Fund.

SINGERS are advertised for by a party for an Amateur Company.

Foreign Show News.

THE AUSTRALIAN THEATRES.—At the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, Mr. Anderson has been performing in a round of his most celebrated characters, his Petruchio having made the biggest hit. "The Robbers," with Mr. Anderson as Charles de Moor; "Rob Roy" and "Ingomar" have also been produced, and on the 20th of February that gentleman took his benefit to a bumper house. On the 21st the theatre was engaged for a benefit to the Italian Opera singers, who had been so unfortunate as regards payment at the Duke of Edinburgh Theatre, and on the 22d, Mr. Anderson took his farewell of the Melbourne stage, when "The Robbers" was again given.....Mr. and Mrs. Robert Heir (nee Fanny Calhoart), who have struggled hard for the amusement of the public for several years past in Australia, took their leave of the Melbourne play-goers on the 24th of February at the Theatre Royal, Shakespeare's "As You Like It" being the play selected for the occasion, with Mr. Robert Heir as Jaques and Mrs. Heir as Rosalind.....Mr. J. C. Lambert took his farewell of the stage (of which he has been such an ornament for the past forty-two years) on the 25th of February. Selections from the following plays were performed on the occasion of his benefit:—"The Rivals," "Money" and "The School for Scandal;" he sustaining the characters of Sir Anthony Absolute, Sir John Vesy, and Sir Peter Teazle. In the course of the evening Mr. Lambert took leave of his friends in a farewell address. On the 27th Miss Marion Dunn reappeared at this theatre in the character of Claude Melnotte in "The Very Latest Edition of the Lady of Lyons." Mr. John Dunn, known in the States as "Tom Rascal Jack," appeared with her as Pauline. "The Serf" was also reproduced, in which Mr. Vincent and Miss Cleveland sustained the leading characters.....At the Duke of Edinburgh Theatre (which is the Haymarket under a new name), the opera company took their benefits during the early part of February, which brought forth better houses, but financially Mr. Lyster's Opera Company has not been a success. The operas produced prior to the closing of their unsuccessful season have been "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Il Italiani in Algera," "I Puritani," "I due Foscari" and "Il Barbiere da Sevigilia," and the season terminated on the 15th of February, when Mr. Lyster told his audience in a fair, honest manner, that he could not be expected to thank them for that support which he had not received, but at the same time that he was perfectly satisfied, the only thing he regretted being that the new Italian singers that had lately joined him had been playing without receiving emolument for their services, and he hoped to be able to obtain the Theatre Royal for a night so as to give them a benefit, which he was sure a generous public would ably support. On the 17th the theatre was again opened by a dramatic company, the whole of the members being shareholders, under the management of Mr. W. M. Brown, a gentleman known in the colonies as a melo-dramatic personator of old men's characters. "Rouge et Noir" was the piece selected for the opening night, and "Simon Lee" and "The Will and the Way" have also been produced. The efforts of this company have not been crowned with success.....At the Princess' Theatre "Black Eyed Susan" (burlesqued), "The Woman in Mauve," "The Bottle," the burlesque of "Mary Turner," the romantic drama, "The Old Chateau," the sensational drama, "Poul a Dhoul," and others of more or less interest, have been produced.....At the Polytechnic Hall there has been a dramatic season of two days' duration, the shortness of it being caused through the want of public patronage. The pieces produced were "A Comical Countess," "Wilkins and His Dinah," and "The Rough Diamond," with the Misses Ada and Fanny Harland in the principal characters. Miss Louise Arnot—formerly of the Marsh Troupe—took a benefit on the 20th of February, the pieces performed being "Our Gal" and "Our Country Cousin."..... At the Varieties the Lancashire Bell Ringers, the Lehman Troupe and Miss Annie Bramley have been the leading attractions..... At Sydney Mr. Walter Montgomery has been doing a very good business, performing on several occasions before the Duke of Edinburgh and suite. In March he was giving royal dramatic recitals there. Miss Aitken is also performing at the Prince of Wales' Theatre.....At Adelaide Mr. Barnes Anderson made his first appearance on the 24 of March as Hamlet, under the management of George Coppin.

THE MUSIC HALLS OF LONDON.—The Music Hall is one of the great features in the amusement world of London. The Alhambra takes the lead, and offers among its principal attractions the novelties of the *ballet*, which is the great institution at this place. Splendor of scenery, dresses, and general decorations mark the production of all Terpsichorean entertainments at the Alhambra, and, great as must be the first expense incurred, this course is wisely pursued, as it procured for the Alhambra a celebrity enjoyed by no other establishment.....Weston's comes next, where comic singing is made a feature, headed by Mr. Vance, whose *repertoire* is sufficiently varied to suit all tastes. He has little tales of adventure for those who appreciate such things. J. G. Forde, of patter singing notoriety, "Jolly" Nash, and Sidney Barnes also appear in the vocal entertainment. La Petite Blondin, rope walker, Harry and Latty King, Representatives of Irish character, Anna Tremaine and Miss Brougham, vocalists, the Oliver troupe of minstrels, Miss Fenoulhet, Mrs. F. R. Phillips, Kate Garstone, Miss Constance, Beatrice Bernoud and Louie Sherrington are in the comoany.....Mr. Holland is the new manager of the Philharmonic, and he offers song, *ballet* and gymnastics as his attractions. A. Coombs, comedian, Mr. Daniel, Ethiopian comedian, Harry Listen, Herr Carle, Mdlle. Carle, Lily Carle, and Esther Austin are the leading dancers. F. Evans, Towers Vincent, Mr. Garrat and Amy Rosalind are in the company, also James Ellis, gymnast.....At the Philharmonic, J. G. Forde, Mr. St. Albyn, the Brothers Mortimer, Frank Hall, Harriet Coveny, Sidney Franks and Mr. and Mrs. Senyah, trapeze performers, are in the company..... The Regent is where the comic element is strongly represented, and is produced with a freshness which gives it considerable novelty. The bill of fare offered comprises the names of Etty Gray, Harry Liston, Mrs. J. F. Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. Langham, Young Millicent, J. H. Ryley, Marie Barnum, Walter Laburnam, Emma Chambers, George Leybourne, Lafter and Mannering .... At the Marylebone Mons. and Mad. Sengah also appear. The lady is pronounced young, good looking, graceful and daring, and her achievements are all the more pleasing to witness because she performs in connection with a male associate, whose vigilance and cooperation affords an additional reason for believing that she will not come to any harm while accomplishing her most perilous feats. In the great act the gentleman hangs head downwards over the stage, holding a trapeze in his hands, and the lady stands perched up above the people in the gallery at the other end of the hall. She clutches two rings, gives herself a swing, and, letting go the ropes, catches the trapeze at the other end; and after sundry evolutions in the air, gracefully alights on the stage amidst the acclamations of the delighted spectators..... The *ballet* is also a feature at the Metropolitan.....The Brothers Wills, comic duetists, have made their first appearance in London here with success. Their burlesque sketches are said to be enacted with humor; their singing is vigorous, and they do the attitudinising to represent statues very well.....The Bedford has changed its name, and the Parisian Maison Doree has given place to the old and familiar "Bedford." Mr. E. Weston continues to provide his patrons with beautifully mounted *ballets*. The company is efficient, and as principals the Misses Marian Target and Batty appear.....The Infant Taglioni, who hails from the Alhambra, makes her bow to the Camden Town public, and dances a naval hornpipe with extraordinary animation, age and size considered. To conclude the entertainment the ladies of the *ballet* appear in parti-colored dress—white and red an l black and red. Thus quaintly habited they form several eccentric combinations.....Harry Fox is the principal card at the Middlesex. The company is carefully selected, and includes acknowledged favorites in the various branches of the vocal art. During the evening a remarkably clever and precocious little girl appears as a dancer, and once or twice addresses the public in verse. This mite of humanity is only three years of age. Mr. Charles Woodman, the double voiced singer and performer on the picco pipe, with J. Layfield, a comic singer, and J. W. Adams, another of that brotherhood, are fulfilling engagements. The Brothers Chirgwine appear as representatives of Negro peculiarities, and Signor Castelotti is at present a member of the Middlesex company. Miss Harriett Coveney, characteristic singer, appears here nightly; and the ballad singing finds its chief exponent in Mr. Stanley Gray. An amusing entertainment is given by Prof. Peterson, with a troupe of sagacious dogs. The canines are dressed as policemen, spectacled old ladies and fashionable swells.....At the Sun the entertainment provided shows care in the selection of amusement for the patrons and supporters, and an utter disregard of the expense at which the manager obtains it. The comforts also of the visitors are rigidly studied. Messrs. Will Orkins and Cyrus Bell give an Ethiopian entertainment, and Messrs. Gray and Townsend, at the close of the evening, follow in the same line. Miss Kate Clifton is a serio-comic singer and personator of Irish male character..... At the South London, the company is said to be a good one. Arthur Lloyd sings; also Marcus Wilkinson, the patter singer. Coutelier and Ellis, gymnasts, also appear.....At the Cambridge, Kate Garstone is the serio-comic vocalist, while Mr. and Mrs. Illsand appear as duettists. Harry Liston, Harry Richards, J. H. Kilburn and James Layfield are also in the company..... Wilton's presents something of a sensation in Signor Castelotti, who performs on a kind of ladder of two or three staves, which is suspended horizontally from the ceiling. After having twisted about on this in all kinds of ways, he transfers himself to a trapeze a little distance from him. His act of swinging violently backwards and forwards and balancing himself while standing on one foot on the bar of the trapeze, is, we should think, one of the most difficult and perilous feats ever accomplished by a gymnast. Not content with this, however, he concludes his venturesome performance by jumping from his ladder to a rope which hangs a good way off, and, twisting himself round it, descends like a flying Mercury from above the chandeliers on to the stage. Signor Castelotti moves with extreme rapidity, and goes through his work smilingly and unpretentiously. Oceana also appears on the slack wire.....Asa Cushman and Joey Cushman appear at the Winchester in their American entertainment. Sam Pagnall, comic singer; Peterson's trick dogs, Annie Adams, and the vocal trio, Harmon, Elston and Campbell, are also there.....At the Eastern, a regular variety show is given, in which Annie Clayton vocalises, besides the dancing of the Lupino Family, Prof. Botene's feats of strength, and many other acts.....Gatti's, the Deacon, Sam Collins', the Raglan, the Boru', the Trevor, star, McDonald's, and Davey's are also among the list, and assist to swell the attractions to be found in the metropolis.

FRANK DREW was in Worcester, Eng., the week ending April 25th. He had produced the "Irish Emigrant," and the burlesque of "Ill Treated Il Trovatore."

THE T. P. COOKE LEGACY.—The fourth anniversary festival, pursuant to the will of the late Mr. T. P. Cooke, was held in the hall of the Royal Dramatic College, Maybury, Eng., April 23d. Among those present were some members of that Theatre, as well as many of the pensioners. After the loyal toasts, the Chairman proposed "The Memory of the Immortal Bard," which was drunk upstanding in solemn silence. The Chairman next proposed "The Memory of the Testator," which was drank in solemn silence. The Chairman then said that the late Mr. T. P. Cooke had shown a correct judgment in his bequest with regard to a drama, for the first which had been selected under the provisions of his will had produced £500 for the College. The time had come for a second to be chosen, and he was happy to be able to tell them that the Committee had awarded the premium to Messrs. Joseph S. Dilley and James Allbery, for a nautical drama, entitled "The Mate of the Mountjoy," which would ere long be produced on the stage.

BALFE is now in Paris conducting the rehearsals of the "Bohemian Girl," which is about to be brought out at the Lyrique. This opera was given in France some years ago with great success.

LADY DON appears to have met with success during her tour through the Provinces since her arrival in England. She opened in Newcastle-on-Tyne, April 13th. The following notice, from the Newcastle-on-Tyne *Daily Journal* of April 14th, will be read with interest by the friends and admirers of this lady:—

"Last night appeared in this theatre the powerfully fascinating actress, Lady Don, who is so well known and so highly appreciated by the play-going public of the town and neighborhood that any lengthy introduction to the performance is quite unnecessary. Suffice it to say, that having entirely enslaved her many admirers in this country she, four years ago, left it to achieve the conquest of the world. And now, after having performed this more than Alexandrian task with perfect success, she has returned to rivet yet more closely the chains of her subjects at home. Newcastle will feel highly honored in having been chosen as the first place in which to make her ladyship's appearance. We hope that the public will appreciate the honor, and show their appreciation by large houses, the more readily so as they will bestow quite as great a favor on themselves as upon the fair actress. In her lengthy travels she has had a fine opportunity to study human character in its utmost variety of phase. In many instances altogether new characters will have come under her notice, which doubtless she has taken stock of. In most instances still, old and familiar ones will have been met with, presenting new shades and turns, thus enabling her to perfect, in a manner impossible to an untravelled artiste, the many representations which even before her departure she depicted in so masterly a style. The breadth of feeling, the range of idea, the perfect pliability of faculties, the finished bearing, the subdual of self which travel gives, were all manifest last night in the impersonation of Lady Teazle, in 'The Child of the Regiment,' and invoked from one's soul the words in that most charming of Horace's Odes, '*Dulcynæ Horatii et Syriæ*,'

'*Secum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens*,'

as the Alpha and Omega of our theatrical aspirations. It is true that her ladyship was laboring under a most distressing cold, which prevented her from singing all the songs figuring in her part, and any of them in her wonted style. Yet, except for her own sake, one would hardly have had the cold absent, as it gave her an opportunity of showing some of that spirit of determination of that heroic self mastery that has gained for her the place she at present occupies. The audience, a very large one, evinced unmistakably that appreciation of her painful efforts to please them, which seemed to say in fervent applause, refrain from acting for a day or two, we value you too highly to wish you thus to injure yourself. Yet she persevered, and as she warmed to her work her voice considerably improved, and, although with very great effort, she gave a few of the songs in a way that will draw back again and again the audience last night present to hear her. At the end of the first scene she received a most enthusiastic call before the curtain, which she answered, accompanied by Mr. Stanley, who made a short speech, expressing, on behalf of Lady Don, her unmitigated sorrow that so unfortunate a *contretemps* should have occurred. Her ladyship could not refrain from adding a word or two, which showed her to be entirely overcome by the very warm reception she had met with. In the second act the curtain rises on the drawing room of the Chateau of Berkenfeldt, to which residence Josephine has been inducted by her pretended, partly discovered aunt, in reality her mother. Her vain attempts to curb her spirit and subdue it to conform to the cold conventionalities of stage high life were admirably performed. Indeed, during the whole scene she carried the audience entirely with her, and when her revealed mother gives her to the lover of her choice instead of to the intended, yet hated duke, the house came down with a burst."

BURMESE THEATRICALS.—The Rangoon *Times* gives a description of Burmese theatricals. The theatre consists of a long elevated stage, with footlights in front, and a curtain of red or white cloth spread out at the back. The real performers stand behind the curtain, and are invisible to the audience. They introduce on the stage, through an aperture, a series of wooden or bamboo figures, painted and dressed up to resemble kings, queens, princes, nobles, courtiers; all manner of birds, from the royal peacock down to the little humming bird; all sorts of beasts, as lions, tigers, monkeys, dogs, cats, apes, asses and elephants; fishes of various kinds, and then fanciful figures to look like knats, or spirits, dragons, centaurs, flying horses and flying elephants, and every imaginable thing which is supposed to form a part in the theatre of the invisible world.

MADAME CELESTE made her farewell to the London stage on April 25th, at the St. James' Theatre in "The House on the Bridge." Hundreds of theatre goers urged her to reappear in the "Green Bushes," but Mr. Ben Webster refused to allow her to use the play. This act is in accordance with Mr. Webster's usual character, and will be understood by those who remember that with Madame Celeste and through Madame Celeste he was enabled to build the Adelphi Theatre and lay the foundation of his fortune.

MR. PRICE, a comedian, has sued Manager Sefton Parry in London, Eng., for £16 wages in lieu of notice and lost the case. It was sworn that not less than two weeks, and not more than one month's notice to actors was usual in London before closing a season.

THE LONDON THEATRES.—With the exception of two or three theatres no changes were made in the programmes offered at the different theatres for the week ending May 2d, from what was presented Easter week. At the Olympic, a version by Palgrave Simpson of Yates' novel of "Black Sheep" was produced for the first time on April 25th.....At the Standard, a lively piece of extravagance, entitled "The Royal Marriage," was produced on April 20th.....Alfred Wigan and wife were announced to appear at the New Queen's on May 24.....Miss Herbert took her farewell benefit at the St. James' on April 27th, playing Lady Teazle, in "School for Scandal," with David Fisher as Sir Peter, for the first time in London.....The Haymarket, with "A Hero of Romance," the Princess, with "Jeanie Deans," the Lyceum, with the performances of the Japanese Troupe, the Adelphi, with "No Thoroughfare," and the Prince of Wales' with "Play," continue to attract good audiences, whilst the burlesques at the Olympic, Strand, New Queen's, New Royalty, and the New Holborn, renovated under Miss Fanny Josephs' direction, supply admirers of a lighter form of entertainment with abundant material for their amusement. Professor Anderson at Sadler's Wells, the varied acrobatic and equestrian feats at the Holborn Amphitheatre, and the strong dramatic attraction furnished by Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick at the Surrey, and Miss Glyn at the Standard, afford every variety of taste the fullest gratification.....Jenny Van Zandt has appeared at Drury Lane as Oscar in "Un Ballo in Maschera," and Margherita in "Faust," in both of which she has been successful. "Rigoletto" was produced on April 19th, with Louise Kellogg as Gilda.

A YOUNG American actor is performing with considerable success in German cities. He is said to have so thoroughly mastered the language as to play Schiller's dramas in the original.

KATE BATEMAN will appear at the Haymarket Theatre, London, Eng., on the 19th of October. Her first performance will be "Leah." During the previous month she will play two engagements at Birmingham and Glasgow.

THE FRENCH performances will shortly be commenced at the St. James's Theatre, London, under the same management as that of last year, namely, M. Raphael Felix, the brother of the celebrated Mdlle. Rachel.

D. E. BANDMANN has appeared at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, Eng., as Hamlet. According to the local press his success is undoubted.

"MADLLE. SYLVIA" is the title of a new comic opera lately produced at the Opera Comique, Paris. It is pronounced a charming comic opera of a type which now has almost ceased to exist, or at least to be produced. Offenbach's gay and extravagant productions have paved the way for the musical buffooneries which now hold possession of the stage, and anything like meaning in the libretto of a comic opera is judged altogether out of place. "Madlle Sylvia" is, however, a step back to sobriety and common sense. It is a one act piece by M. Narcisse Fournier, with music by M. Samuel David. It has a simple and pleasing little plot, and its music is finely written, easy and full of melody.

LUCY RUSHTON was announced to appear, for one night only, at the Princess' Theatre, London, on April 27th, as Lady Teazle in the "School for Scandal" for the benefit of Mr. Small. On the same night Mr. Dominick Murray was to play Shylock for the first time in London, and be supported by Miss Josephine Fildes as Portia, and Miss E. Barnett as Nerissa. One of the London papers states that Miss Rushton made a high reputation in New York and Canada in this character. When?

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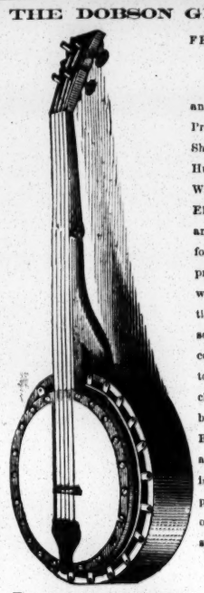

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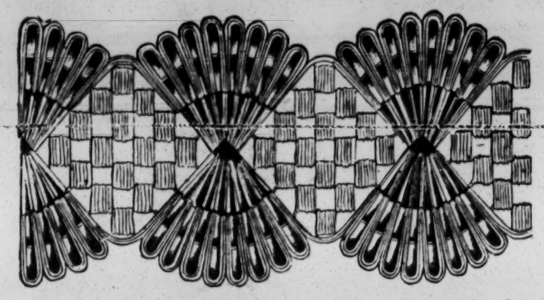

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